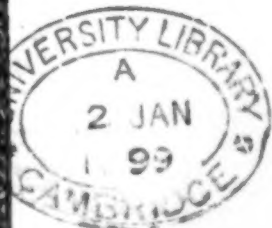


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MOTHER



## II.—POTTERING IN PISA

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

### THE ROAD TO ROME.

ON the wild marshes of the Maremma there is a proverb not altogether gratifying to the English. It is: "*Inglese stalianato, è un diavolo incarnato.*" Notwithstanding this, however, the English manage to enjoy themselves in Italy, and the gentle art of pottering may be practised with profit and pleasure in the white old town of Pisa. With the exception, perhaps, of a few wrinkled English ladies of uncertain age, who dress in rusty black, live cheaply *en pension* on the Lung' Arno Regio, and get their tea in precious packets from the English stores in Florence, nobody ever stays more than a single night there. It is on the road to Rome. Yet Pisa, if you can manage to escape the rapaciousness of the hotel-keepers—a feat extremely difficult of accomplishment—is really a most delightful place in which to potter. After its Leaning Tower, Pisa is famed among Italians for two things: the excellency of a small and unpretentious restaurant,

the "Nettuno"; and the dare-devil recklessness of its cabmen. The latter are more dangerous to human life than their fellow-Jehus in Naples. On my last visit, a few days ago, I met with an adventure which, to say the least, was exciting, and provoked certain unwritable English epithets. Having entered one of the whirling little conveyances at the station, I was being whisked through the narrow mediæval streets, and across the small antique piazzas, when suddenly another cab came tearing down a narrow lane, and dashed at right angles full into mine. I saw the danger just in time, and jumped for my life, landing in a very undignified position in the road; and a very fortunate escape it proved to be, for a second later my cab was literally smashed to atoms. My cabman merely smiled, as though it were of daily occurrence, and then commenced to collect the scattered *débris* of his vehicle. Therefore, if you go to Pisa, avoid the cabs as you would stewed mushrooms.



To the DOING THE idler, how-SIGHTS. ever—the man or woman who does not care to “do” sights with their noses in *pince-nez* for ever in their crimson-bound guide-books—a day spent in Pisa is as pleasant as it is instructive. The place existed 100 years before the Christian era. To-day its old-world streets are quiet, breathing mutely of a forgotten past, and in many the grass springs from between the stones. As one wanders through the place, it is strange to reflect that, although it is ten miles from the sea, it was, in the eleventh century, the powerful rival of Genoa and Venice, and possessed the island of Sardinia. But, alas! like so many of the ancient Italian cities, it became a victim to the ambition of the *condottieri*, and was, in 1406, sold to Florence, to whom it thenceforth continued subject. And as we wander about, examining the grand monuments of its striking and magnificent past, we cannot help a feeling of regret that the old place, once so powerful and a forerunner of Florence in the history of art, should now be kept up and swept and garnished merely for the attraction of the inquisitive traveller who arrives in the morning, spends a few francs on lunching and tips, and leaves, hot and dusty, by the evening “direct” train for Rome or Florence, happy that he has accomplished the correct thing, and “done” Pisa. The sea has receded from it, its trade has left it, its great families are ruined and dispersed; but it is still full of sad grandeur in its silent decay, all of marble, like a tomb.

Standing in the wide, WHY DOES THE grassy Piazza del TOWER LEAN? Duomo, the idler gazes upon one of the wonders of the world, the Leaning Tower, together with the most perfect of



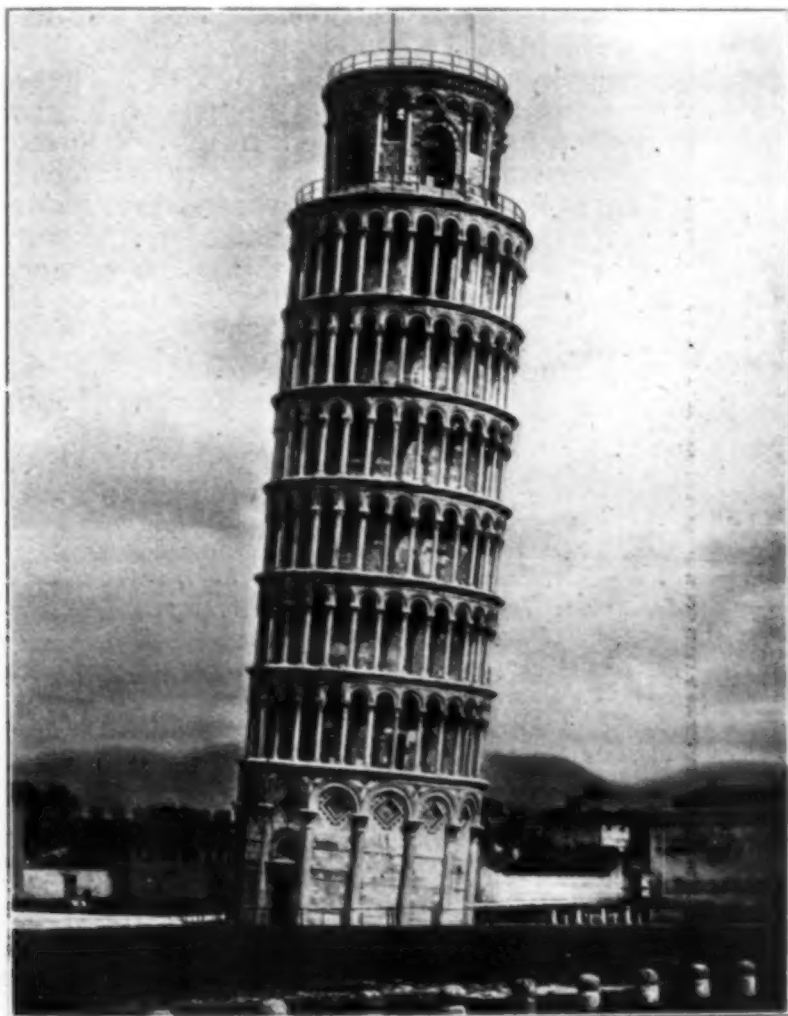
LUNG' ARNO REGIO

cathedrals, and the quaint circular Baptistery, wherein all Pisans have been christened through eight centuries. Why does the tower lean? Such is the question that has been asked through ages, and never satisfactorily answered. The most probable theory is that one side sank in course of construction, and that the upper stories were added in a curved line. Only those with strong heads should climb to the top, for on the last round one is seized by an extremely uncomfortable sensation of insecurity. The *façade* of the cathedral is even more perfect than that of Florence, while its richly-gilt interior is notable, as it is borne by a number of ancient Roman and Greek columns captured by the Pisans in the wars of the middle ages. Adjoining is the ancient Campo Santo, which is certainly one of the sights of Italy, and so often missed by the world-weary traveller who “hates cemeteries.” It is, however, on a far different principle to that appalling collection of the sculptured dead outside Genoa, and is certainly unique amongst ancient burial-places.

Cemeteries are not THE TOWER OF the most happy places HUNGER. on earth, but there is nothing depressing in the Campo Santo of Pisa. Seven hundred years ago a pious archbishop brought fifty shiploads of earth from Mount Calvary, and made a burial-

ground here, building a colonnade around its four sides, and in this colonnade are now preserved some wonderful old frescoes and a collection of Roman, Etruscan, and mediæval sculptures. On the wall, too, hang the ponderous chains of the ancient harbour of Pisa, captured by the Genoese in 1362. Parts of them were given to the Florentines, who hung them outside their Baptistery, but

mediæval streets, he will suddenly emerge into a small, triangular, open space known as the Piazza dei Cavalieri, where all is the same to-day as it was centuries ago. On one side is the fine old palace of the Medici; next it the ancient Church of St. Stefano, erected by the valiant knights of the Order of St. Stephen; and opposite, the Palazzo dell'Orologio, which is on



IL CAMPANILE

they were restored to the Pisans as recently as 1860, having been in the hands of the conquerors for five hundred years. There is much that the idler in Pisa will find that the ordinary traveller never sees. If he continues along the Lung Arno Galileo, he will come to a dark and narrow turning, where at the end stands the house in which the world-famed astronomer was born; while, diving through the narrow

the site of the ill-famed Tower of Hunger, in which the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini caused Count Ugolino dei Gherardeschi, with his sons and nephew, to be starved to death as a punishment for treason, as related by Dante in the 33rd Canto of the "Inferno." The lineal descendant of the starved Count lives in Florence, and I have the honour of his acquaintance.

A WORD TO  
RICH GIRLS.

Alas! how the old nobility of Italy have decayed! Many scions of noble houses, descendants and the holders of titles of those great families who ruled the antique cities back in the middle ages, are now eking out their lives on some starvation annuity, or earning a pittance in some lowly station abroad. Others there are who, having worn a suit of flashy clothes and a signet ring—about all that they possessed, perhaps—have captured English and American girls whose ambitious parents are pleased to see their daughters Princesses or Countesses. Some mothers like to speak of “my daughter the Princess So-and-So”; and perhaps it is but maternal pride, after all. Fortunately, all impoverished Italian nobles are not of the same mind. One charming man, with whom I am on close terms of acquaintance, and therefore withhold his name, may serve as a type of the still proud nobleman. His family—one of the oldest in Italy—dates from the year 900, and in it there have been no fewer than three Cardinals. Once his ancestors were the rulers of Milan, and their power feared from Turin to Venice; while even now, in one of the northern cities—I must not say where—there is a magnificent old palace of regal proportions bearing his arms on the sun-whitened stone escutcheon, and falling to ruin and decay. And he? Well, he is an officer living on his pay. The other day I chaffed him, saying that some day I expected him to marry an English or American heiress, but he answered, calmly and simply: “My family have never married for money, and I never will. If I did, I should end all the old traditions of my race. Italy has fallen, and with her my family. I am poor, but I am still loyal to my King and to my country.” And so it is with many. The gentleman in Italy is, alas!

very hard to find nowadays; but when found, he is the finest fellow in all the world. It should be remembered by girls that the Italian holds woman in very little respect. Only the unprincipled and avaricious Italian noble weds the foreign heiress; and she, poor thing! very soon becomes disillusioned; and awakens to find her position in society in Florence or Rome not at all a pleasant one. Personally, I have seen a number of such *mésalliances*, and the wife is always to be pitied.

The potterer in Pisa, BEWARE OF THE if he can spare a few ALABASTER! of those ragged, well-thumbed pieces of greasy paper which represent the present Italian currency, will no doubt be tempted, like many another potterer before him, to enter one or other of the many shops which sell objects of ala-

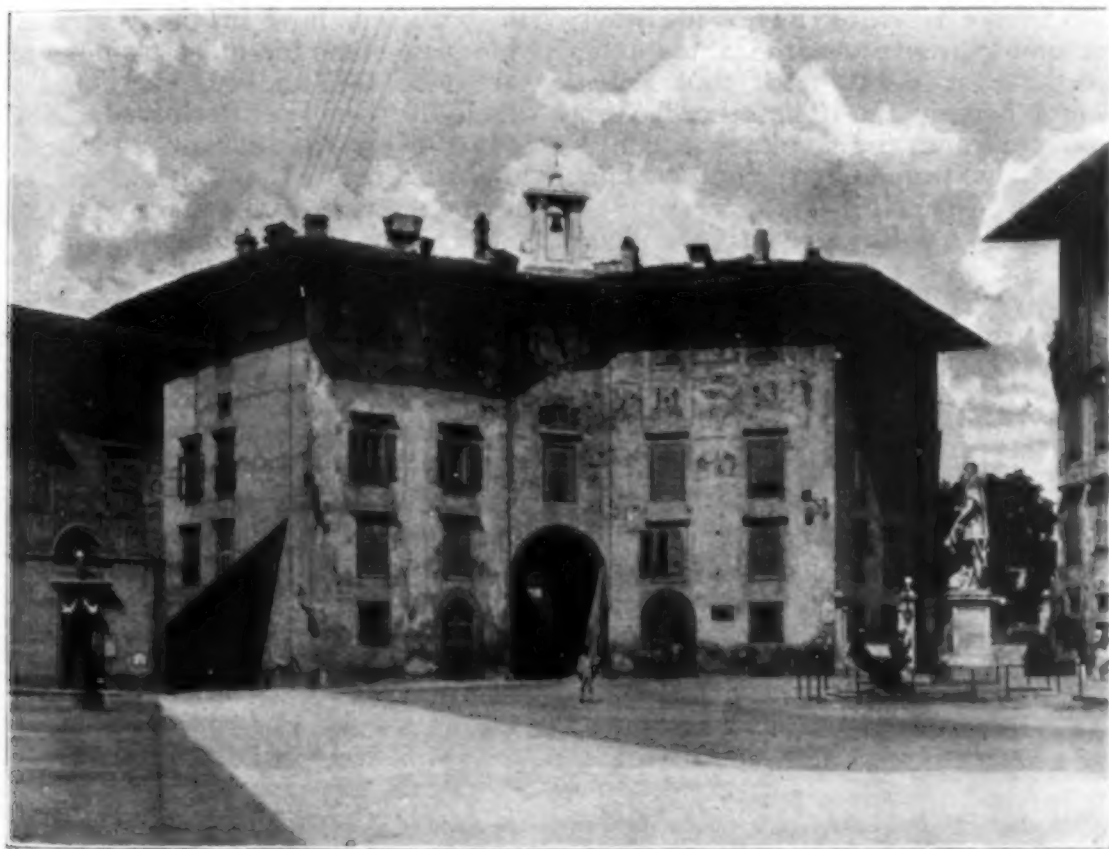


PIAZZA DE CAVALIERI



baster, or marble sculptures. Pisa has ever been the cradle of sculpture, and certainly the little Leaning Towers, and Baptisteries and Cathedrals in alabaster, or the heads of laughing girls on black marble pedestals, are inviting souvenirs which may with effect be placed in the drawing-room at home. Beware of making a purchase! Marble is heavy, and a statue has to be packed and sent direct to the traveller's address in England, or in America. The traveller

grace the corner of his drawing-room. Months go by, and it does not arrive. He writes, but receives no answer. He sends a complaining letter to the hard-worked Consul, and the latter makes inquiries, sometimes with the result that, after many months of waiting, a statue does arrive; but *not the one purchased*. In the majority of cases, however, the unsuspecting traveller receives nothing for his money but a worthless, unstamped receipt! Moral: Never buy



PALAZZO DELL' OROLOGIO

speaks Italian imperfectly, if at all, and the wily vendor of sculpture is ready to take advantage of his ignorance of the Tuscan tongue. The traveller, however, at last strikes what he fondly believes to be a bargain, and is delighted. He pays for the statue and its packing, writes down his address in bold characters, and goes on his way rejoicing. At home he awaits with patience the arrival of the piece of real Italian sculpture—that he could have bought for half the price in London—which is to

statuary in Pisa. The old Tuscan proverb is very true: "*Ad ogni santo la sua candela.*"

Old books and manuscripts can, however, be picked up in Pisa for the proverbial old song. Each time I visit the place I never fail to make an addition to my library, and generally from a shuffling, unshaven old Tuscan who keeps a stall beneath the antique Loggia de'Banchi. Above where he stands is engraven, on

the time-stained wall, the standard length of the ancient Italian measure, the *braccio*, or average arm's-length; while beneath, in more modern figures, is given the metre, in order that Pisans in the market shall not be cheated. My old friend knows a good deal about Italian books, and there are always many curious old tomes upon his stall—ancient parchment-covered, worm-eaten volumes in print and in MS., which have been unearthed from the long-closed chambers of some mediæval palace. Truly they are a strange collection! We haggle terribly. He always asks quite three times the amount he expects to obtain for a book, and seems to enjoy bargaining. The other day he asked five francs for a volume which I particularly wanted. I offered him one-tenth—namely, fifty centesimi—whereupon he pulled a wry face, and in silence sat down to resume the slice of *salami* which formed his lunch. He was not in bargaining mood, so I left him. A couple of hours later I passed by, and he rushed forward, book in hand. The *signore* might have it for a franc. I then increased my price to eighty centesimi, and at that we closed. I carried the book home gladly, for to me it is a prize worth a good many francs.

WHERE ST. PETER LANDED. The potterer, when tired of the sun-blanced city of marble and the Medici—for the latter's arms are seen on almost every stone—can find in the immediate vicinity much that is interesting. One is the ancient basilica of S. Pietro, in Grado—erected no one knows when, it was so long ago—an antique, wonderful place, occupying the site where St. Peter first landed in Italy. Whether this latter fact is authentic, it is hard to say. Nevertheless, it is certain that the site occupied, now in the centre of a wide plain some ten miles from the sea, was once the ancient port of Pisa, which the Genoese destroyed. Not a vestige of anything now remains to show that the sea was ever there, and the greater part of the spacious tract of land is covered by forest, forming a royal hunting-ground.

For the two "p's" TO THE GOUTY. in the medical vocabulary, pneumonia and pleurisy, Pisa is a paradise. Those with gout, however, should never set foot in the place, or that foot will trouble them very considerably. Let such potter in sunshine somewhere else, and be content to view Pisa through the photographs here reproduced.





WRITTEN BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON. ILLUSTRATED BY  
MONTAGUE BARSTOW.

### III.

**T**HE rising sun tipped the low-browed forest-clad hills, scattering the dews of night, and heralding the approach of another day of tropical heat. Gradually its beams lit up the arid plain, with its clumps of stunted cactus bushes and prickly pear, till the tall palms, tattered and drooping from weeks of unparalleled heat, stood out like grotesque scarecrows under its searching rays.

Where the isolated trees formed a little clump, fed by a stagnant pool, the tents of the convicts' convoy gleamed white in the morning light. Another weary day had begun, a day of chains and blows for captives, a day of loathsome duty and perpetual danger from stray parties of rebels for captors, a day of dust, heat, insects, and parching thirst for both. With a muttered curse the caravan, soldiers and prisoners, cleared away its morning meal, and bestirred itself once more for the never-ending march.

They were well in the hostile country now. The Moron Trocha, the barrier between a decadent colony and a new and lawless republic, lay behind them some three or four long days' marches. Two days more through this land of desolation and lurking enemies, and then they would be in the loyal province of Santiago, and but a day's march from their destination, the military prison and mines of Laredo. So far they had

escaped their human foes—though nature and the reptile population of these parts had been distinctly hostile—and they felt that they had but to brace themselves for a final effort and all would be well. To-day, they were to march to the ridge of densely-wooded hills, showing purple on the eastern horizon. By evening of the next day they should be in the passes of the Sierra, a day's march beyond. And behind the Sierra lay safety.

So all was soon bustle and animation in the little camp, and in an hour's time the luggage was all safely packed on to the transport mules, the convicts drawn up in a column, four abreast, guarded on each side by vigilant warders, and the soldiers in two bodies in front and behind.

"Now then, No. 30," growled a warder to his nearest charge, "drop that slouching gait. If that skull of yours is troubling you, it's no worse than what we all have to put up with under this hell of a sun. Look alive, if you don't want a worse blow than even that carbine-butt gave you."

Juan D'Alcantara, for it was he, obeyed mechanically, without even looking at the speaker or seeming to hear him. A month in hospital, a hurried trial, an unjust sentence, had cowed his spirit for the time. He was young in years, but a bitter experience had made

his face haggard and careworn. However present his body might be in this scene of desolation, it was clear that his mind was far away. He scarcely heard the savage curses of the warders, the mocking gibes and leers of his fellow-prisoners, the majority scoundrels of the most abandoned type; he scarcely noticed the soldiers guarding them, or realised the dangers surrounding them. He lived once more in that densely crowded court, presided over by the grim Captain-General; he noted the thousands of eyes turned on him alone; he saw the glittering row of generals around the Governor himself, the lesser officers who formed the jury, the press reporters, Sergeant Lopez, Olmedan, Jerez and the two other witnesses who had sworn away his liberty. Above all, he saw the man he had once called "brother," whose father and mother were his—the man who was now his deadliest enemy—as, while disclaiming even an acquaintance with "Trooper Alovera," he had as calmly and smilingly lied before that vast assemblage as he had done formerly before their common father, before Eugénie, before the world at large. Under the pretence of the prisoner being a native of his part of the mother country, he had invented libellous falsehoods about his old life in Spain. Urged on by hatred and malice, this man, who had sworn on the Sacred Book to tell the truth alone, deliberately committed perhaps the most astounding perjury ever heard in a court of law. And it was successful because it was so audacious.

No one even dreamt of disputing his evidence. The action, which would have been instantly detected in a man erring for the first time, was crowned with success in the case of this accomplished liar. And so the result was as every thinking man in that court foresaw. Three hours after the commencement of the trial the jury found the prisoner guilty of aiding and abetting a rebel against His Majesty to escape by deliberately and feloniously discharging a pistol with intent to miss the said rebel. The evidence of Sergeant Lopez, Corporal Grano, and Privates Olmedan, Jerez, and El Cano, proved more than sufficient to condemn

him. The prisoner was, from his very profession, perfectly competent to hold a pistol, and the escaping rebel was but five yards distant from him. Shortly afterwards the Captain-General rose to pronounce sentence, which, as was his custom in dealing with cases of this kind, was extremely pithy and to the point.

"Señors," he said, "the prisoner has been found guilty by the court. This delicate case, which on the face of it appears merely as an unsuccessful attempt of the prisoner, in his capacity as one of the guards over these rebels, to prevent, with his dead comrade, the escape of two of the said rebels (himself being stunned in the act) is shown in its true light by the unanimous and independent evidence of his comrades of that night. Our suspicions have unfortunately been turned into certainties by this evidence, and have moreover been strengthened by the revelations of the prisoner's past life in Spain kindly furnished to the court by Señor Don Hernando D'Alcantara, captain in His Majesty's 98th Regiment, at present serving in the colony as one of my aide-camps. Under these circumstances I feel reluctantly compelled to sentence prisoner to expulsion from the army, and in consideration of the additional evidence of Captain D'Alcantara, to five years in the mines of Laredo in addition."

"Wake up, *camarado*," chuckled Juan's neighbour with a leer; "no girls to cheer you up in these parts, you know!"

Juan glanced once at the little villainous squint-eyed rascal who addressed him, then turned away in utter loathing. Even had he found anything to talk about he could not have brought himself to make friends with any of the scum of the country who were to be his comrades for five weary years. No! his life was over; to all intents and purposes he was as good as dead; what mattered these trivial details of life?

Slowly and painfully the dust-begrimed column crawled along the rough track, now descending into lonely hollows, filled by reverberating streams, now rising to solitary ridges crowned by wind-swept feather-palms. Slowly and



painfully they toiled along, under that blazing sun, bereft of the shade of even the stunted, usual cactus-bushes of those parts. The weary hours sped by. No living beings but themselves seemed to exist in that desolate plain. Only the tramping of many feet, the clanking of the convicts' chains, the short, sharp commands of the officers, the muttered curses of the men from thirst and heat, and the occasional crack of the mule-drivers' whips, broke the stillness of nature. And yet there was nothing calm or peaceful in nature at that spot. It was rather the stillness of exhaustion.

An hour's rest at midday under the blazing sun for what was euphoniously called a meal—dry biscuits and rice being the staple food, washed down with fiery *aguardiente* and muddy water—then on once more towards that far-off ridge of hills, guarded by a thick forest belt, hills which never seemed to get nearer however long one walked towards them! The sun was sinking in the dreary plain behind them as they entered the wooded region at last, and a sigh of thankfulness went up from the whole caravan, even the most hardened of the convicts mentally joining in, while the advance scouts pushed on in search of a camping place. This was found about a mile further on, in a wooded glade through which ran a tumbling stream, clear and fresh from the hills above; and here warders and convicts, soldiers and drivers, cast themselves wearily down on the fresh green turf under the shady palms, and leisurely prepared the evening meal. Not long afterwards the convicts were herded together for the night, sentinels were placed and watches set, and the camp settled down to sleep.

#### IV.

Two o'clock in the morning. The moon, a quarter past the full, looked down on as lovely a scene as any on the earth. A forest glade with a whirling mountain stream, now rushing downward over rocks and shallows, now calm and still in some deep pool, only to break lower down into cataracts and whirlpools. The far-famed pass of Killiecrankie could not have looked more beautiful under the uncertain

moonlight than this lonely tropic glen. No bird twittered in the tall branches of the palms, no wild beast rushed through the undergrowth seeking its nightly food, no hissing reptile glided through the thick cactus bushes. Yet even in this lonely spot, with nature in one of her most beneficent moods, the old words of the hymn, which says, "While every prospect pleases, only man is vile," came true once more. Human reptiles were stealing onward, silently and stealthily towards the dark, motionless forms of the sentries protecting the grey-white tents behind them. Noiselessly and almost imperceptibly dark forms glided round the encampment, seeming to emerge from the ground beneath. Then, breaking the silence of the still night air, rang suddenly the clear, running notes of the mocking-bird, followed by a guttural exclamation from a sentry, a quick discharge of a rifle, and then—pandemonium! Once more had man turned one of nature's paradises into a hell incarnate. Slowly and sullenly the sentries fell back, firing as they retreated on the camp. The encampment, wide awake by now, was all noise and confusion. Convicts and baggage-animals were herded in the middle under adequate guards. The waggons were drawn round the outer circle of the camp in the South African fashion, the soldiers posted inside and between. On a little knoll beside the baggage-animals stood the commander of the escort, Colonel Piñal, with a few of his officers, anxiously watching the progress of the fight. For an hour the combat raged, their unseen enemies completely surrounding the guards. The grinding rattle of musketry, the hoarse cries of the combatants, the neighing and stamping of the frightened mules, and the sharp commands of the officers, seemed strangely out of place under that pale silent moon and swaying tree-tops. The murmur of the tumbling stream was drowned by that fierce fight, the varied night sounds of the forest seemed as if they were not. The faces of the Colonel and his officers grew longer and more anxious every minute. Cumbered as they were with convicts and animals, entangled in a



dense forest in the heart of a hostile country, it was hopeless to attempt to break through the surrounding enemy. Moreover, as they had been attacked at long range, they were obliged to fire back, and none knew better than those in command of the escort how ill they could spare a waste of ammunition. Another half-hour of this sharp-shooting and the cartridges would inevitably give out, and they would be obliged to defend themselves to the last with

An officer bent down and whispered in the Colonel's ear, as he sat on his camp-stool on the little mound. Piñal's face brightened, though he shook his head doubtfully the next moment. However, he said a few words hurriedly to an aide-de-camp, who came up to the old head-warder, Cabrero, as he stood alone near where the convicts were huddled. The next instant that laconic personage had swung round to his charges.

"Any prisoner," he called out, "who



"AN OFFICER BENT DOWN AND WHISPERED IN THE COLONEL'S EAR"

swords, machetes, and clubbed muskets. For they must never disgrace themselves by surrender. They must fight to the end like true soldiers of Spain.

Well did those hardy veterans know the character of their opponents. Half-breeds and Creoles, negroes and low caste Indians, desperadoes of the worst kind, formed the bulk of the so-called "Cuban Army." Those who had dealt out no mercy when conquerors, could not expect mercy when conquered.

desires to help in the defence, will report himself to the adjutant, and receive a machete and his orders from the Colonel himself. Lieutenant Niñon will command the detachment."

Instantly some forty out of the hundred convicts stepped forward.

"Ah! prisoner Alovera too, in spite of your crack on the skull." And Cabrero nodded approvingly, "Well, well, blood will out! A pity you ever fell into the clutches of the law, my lad."

A moment later they were marshalled before the Colonel, who ran his eye over them.

"Now men," he said, the inspection being finished and the machetes doled out to them, "your duty will be to work round the camp from where the river narrows," pointing upstream, "to the cataracts below, clearing out any stray parties of the enemy from the undergrowth into the open, when we will shoot them down. As we have hitherto been acting on the defensive, and are, moreover, encumbered with our baggage, they will not expect us to take the offensive."

"Left wheel—by the right, quick march," sung out the Lieutenant, when the Colonel had finished speaking. They were off!

Off through thorny bushes and tangled undergrowth, off through reptile-in-

fested swamp and miasma-laden forest, off to where their hidden foes were dealing death around them. Juan seemed vaguely to see the fierce faces of Creole and half-caste start from the very ground at his feet, their countenances alive with amazement, consternation, and passion. Mechanically he swung out his big machete and the face went down. He lived again in the delirium of battle; forgotten were all his misfortunes of the past year. Let him be convict to-morrow, aye, and for the next five years; at least he was a free soldier to-night, fighting his country's battles against her treacherous and debased sons. Perhaps he might never undergo the disgrace of penal servitude. He had striven to live like a true soldier. Why should he not die like one? He might never have such an opportunity again as he had to-night. A chance



"JUAN SEEMED VAGUELY TO SEE THE FIERCE FACES OF CREOLE AND HALF-CASTE START FROM THE VERY GROUND AT HIS FEET"

bullet, a last gasping breath—then darkness for ever; a short prayer from the military chaplain, and a grave in that primeval forest. Surely this was better than a lifetime of disgrace!

Suddenly he became conscious that they were no longer advancing, no longer driving back the invisible enemy. He found himself one of a stern, set ring of men hemmed in with a wall of fire. Down went Lieutenant Niñon, as gallant a youth as ever set out from the far mother country. Down went old Sergeant Truxillo, the hero of a hundred fights. Down went a score of brave men, who, whatever their faults, whatever position they were placed in by past misdemeanors and the law of their country, had at the last died like gallant soldiers in the execution of their duty. Wiry little Corporal Bances sprang to the front. "Follow me, men, for your lives," he yelled; "we must cut our way through to the convoy if we want to see to-morrow's sun."

Onward they plunged into the forest of death, while loud and exultant rang the cries of "Muerte los Españos! Viva Cuba libre!" Onward, ever onward, dealing death around them, slaying and being slain. On—till Juan felt a sharp ping under the left arm, then another full in the chest, and his consciousness of the scene faded away.

## V.

Juan's first two sensations were semi-conscious—a confused burring, presently to resolve itself into a dull clanking noise gradually getting nearer, like an approaching train. Then a damp, clammy load on his head, as if a big cobra had fallen on it. He seemed to realise this, and made a half effort to remove it; but a hand stopped him, and instantly with an effort he opened his eyes vacantly, only to close them once more. His head was gradually growing clearer, and he began to think. Where was he? In Spain? Ah, no! he could not be there—no snakes like the one on his forehead in the mother country. Of course he was a dead man if he moved, perhaps even if he kept still. And yet his only chance was to do so until the reptile glided away. So far, at any rate, it had not bitten him. • He hoped that it

was harmless. Pshaw! what was he thinking of? Who ever heard of a snake going to sleep on a man's head, and without touching him? He must be in some disgrace, perhaps in jail. No, the air was too fresh for jail. Ah! the hospital. But then he distinctly remembered going out of the hospital—only, alas! to that awful trial. Why, of course, he was in the convict convoy—and had volunteered in that fight last night against insurgents—and had been wounded in that last desperate charge! Of course, that accounted for the "snake" on his forehead! The "snake," indeed! He began to laugh.

"Don't laugh, you idiot," growled a rough voice beside him, "but go to sleep again."

"Hush! don't speak so loud, you fool," came a second voice, soft and feminine, a voice which had the exact contrary effect its owner intended, for the patient not only opened his eyes on the instant, but made a feeble attempt to rise in addition. Beside his bedside sat a rough-bearded man in a well-worn brown uniform, with a star on each side of his collar, showing him to belong to the Insurgent Army. In the centre of the tent, the one a little in front of the other, stood a man and woman, the former in the full uniform of a Cuban general, the latter in a rough tailor-made suit, with a long curved knife and a vicious little Derringer in her belt. But she was smiling sweetly at him, and her eyes were full of pity. Once more the years rolled back, and he saw her as she was of yore, when she was the popular actress and he the smart, rich, well-connected man about town. Then she was his entirely, years before this vile traitor of a skulking Cuban stole her away—to live with him in some vast forest or fever-stricken swamp in this accursed island. He ground his teeth in impotent rage, but by a strong effort controlled himself.

"So I am a prisoner," he found himself saying, the words seeming to come out of his lips of their own accord, "and in the hands of traitors." The man beside his bed clenched his fist, and his face grew dark with sudden passion. Even the calm face of Namaquon settled in a stern frown, but around the face of

his wife there played a quiet smile. Moral courage was as much an object of admiration with this strange woman as physical.

"Now, doctor," she said with a little laugh, "don't forget this man is your patient. With his politics we have nothing to do. As for his present statement, I know you would be the first to condemn a man for changing sides merely because he is captured in war," and her lips curled in scorn.

The doctor shuffled uneasily to the back of the tent, muttering a reluctant apology. Eugénie gave a keen glance at her husband, still smiling.

"As for you, Julio," she said, "I should have thought you at any rate, beyond vulgar anger. Come away at once, or we shall have served this man to no purpose. Cannot you see he is too ill to be responsible for his words?"

"Stop," said Juan to the doctor, after the Namaquons had gone out; "am I your only prisoner?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with a grim smile. "We Cubans, you know, are not in the habit of making prisoners at all as a rule." Juan shuddered. He had not lived eight months in Cuba for nothing. "But tell me," he said, striving to speak calmly, "did any of our men get away?"

The man laughed brutally. "Hardly," he said sarcastically; "our friends the vultures and jackals are hungry creatures, Señor. You are a lucky man not to have had the honour of an introduction," and this monster positively chuckled.

Juan was silent for a while.

"Anything else?" asked the other, with a grim smile.

"Why is my life spared?" with intense eagerness.

"Oh"—with a broad grin—"we thought you'd prove such a nice, tractable young man——"

"Yes, yes," said the "nice, tractable young man," impatiently, "I want the real reason, please. No hypocrisy with me, my good friend."

"You are pleased to be annoyed,



"EUGÉNIE"

Señor," with a mocking bow, "I refer you to General Namaquon. How should a simple army doctor understand the plans of his superiors? Certainly," maliciously, "you have been long enough on my hands. Were I general, the vultures would have been picking your bones long ere this."

"Indeed! surely I have not been more than a day or two unconscious?"

"A day or two!—a week or two, you mean. If Señora Namaquon—a plague take all women—were not with us, you'd have been where all your companions are by now," with which pleasant remark he withdrew, leaving his patient to his own reflections.

Juan certainly had plenty to occupy his thoughts just then. Could it be true that this woman, who had not only cast him aside in his hour of misfortune, when any true woman would have but clung the closer to

him, but in the very casting aside had written perhaps the most insulting letter one person ever wrote another, had in the lapse of time taken pity on him, and saved his life? But why? Was it mere pity, or was it for some ulterior object? Well, he would know in time. Meanwhile, it was no use worrying himself about it. He must get well as soon as possible—with which reflection he turned his face to the side of the tent again, and dropped into a dreamless slumber.

The days rolled on—one much like another in that lonely forest country. Though bands came and went, scouring and raiding far and wide, yet the spot remained the headquarters of General Namaquon's troops, as they styled themselves, and here their solitary prisoner was still detained. At last he was practically well, and was rapidly being hurried through the convalescent stages. One day all was bustle and excitement in the insurgent camp, and on all sides arose a babel of shouting and swearing. For General Calixto Garcia, second in command over all the insurgent forces, was to arrive in person at the camp that day, and Namaquon and his officers were preparing to receive him fittingly. Not only had the prisoner been lately treated with no hostility, but he was even looked upon in quite a friendly light by his captors. Juan wondered if this was merely a species of refined cruelty in order that he might evolve hopes certain to be dashed to the ground when Garcia arrived. He guessed now why he was, so far, kept alive. Of course the rebels wanted details of the fortifications of some of the loyal cities in the plains. Well, naturally they would not get that out of him. He was certain to be shot, but this would probably happen in any case.

With midday arrived the Insurgent general with his ragged troops behind him, but with all the pomp of a Roman emperor. Their entry was more after the fashion of an ancient barbaric triumph than a union of two modern armies. In an hour's time, after the tumult had subsided, and the united forces had partaken of their noonday meal, the prisoner was led into the open space in the centre of the camp.

"Prisoner," said Garcia, a thick-set, bearded man, "your history is known to us, and your life is spared by the special request of one who has known you in happier days," and he bowed slightly towards his colleague's wife, "but in addition to this, we offer you not only liberty, but service under us. We Cubans do not desire to be encumbered with prisoners we probably could not exchange, and this matter has been carefully discussed among us. Your own country has cast you off, your family has refused ever to see you again. Should we let you depart, and conduct you safely to the nearest Spanish outpost, you would be clapped into prison as an escaped convict. But we do not desire this. You are a strong man, and have been a soldier. Forget your past, as we will forget it. Live a new life, in a new State, under new conditions. We want good men in Cuba now. Within six months the Spaniards will be swept into the sea—for ever—and the island will be free—free to take her rightful place in the comity of nations. I learn you are of good birth. You shall no longer be a common soldier, Señor D'Alcantara. I will nominate you a Captain and my own Aide-de-Camp, with ample opportunities of further promotion in the near future. As for pay, you must be patient till we come into our own, when every loyal Cuban will receive his deserts. Now choose! On the one side is life and honour, power and future wealth, with a new and prosperous career in a new country; on the other, if we were to let you go, poverty and everlasting disgrace, and a convict's life among the scum of Spain. But we shall not let you go, for we neither want the danger and inconvenience of escorting you back, nor do we want the secret disposition of our forces betrayed to the enemy on your return. If you choose to remain a Spaniard you die instantly. Choose which you will!"

Dead silence for a moment! No sound was heard among all those who clustered round Juan D'Alcantara, waiting for his choice of his own fate—naught but the murmur of the river below, and the rustling of the tree-tops above their heads. Then Juan looked



up from the ground, and on his face was the light of a great resolution.

"General," he said, "I thank you for your offer. I do not regard it in the light of an enemy's proposal, made for his own ulterior advantage, but a fair offer between man and man. Yet, though you were to offer me all this, and the riches of Mexico and Peru in addition, though I knew that on returning to my countrymen poverty and penal servitude were my lot; or if, as you have just now said, since you will not permit me to return, you would mete out death to me, then will I choose death as a Spaniard, rather than life as a Cuban, and I will be faithful to my king and country to the last."

The faces of his listeners were blank with amazement that this man should so deliberately reject such a munificent and totally unexpected offer, and could choose death in preference to the life their leader sketched out. Then there slowly swept over their countenances the light of admiration, visible even in the most ruffianly of them; while some, like Namaquon, turned away their heads in deep emotion. But the principal actor in this strange drama heeded this not a whit. His eyes were turned towards his old love, and on her face he saw a look he had never seen before, not even in the old days, when they were all in all to each other.

Garcia sprang to his feet impetuously.

"I go back on my promise," he exclaimed. "Though you have chosen to remain faithful to Spain, you shall not die, for you are a noble man, and if there were more like you among our enemies, Cuba would remain faithful to Spain for ever. Though I risk every man being shot as a rebel by your men, yet will I give you an escort to the nearest Spanish post, and set you free without ransom. Still, I have warned you of your probable fate, and you know the temper of your countrymen better than I do. One condition only, however, I attach to this. As a mark of respect and consideration for your release, you shall salute the Cuban flag," and he pointed to where the national standard flapped lazily in the soft breeze from the bare trunk of a palm utilised for the purpose, "then you shall go."

Juan was startled. This development was unexpected. He must never return to prison; his gentlemanly pride forbade it. An Alcantara a convict! Never would he disgrace the annals of his family so! Neither could he incur the equal disgrace of becoming a rebel and traitor to his country. Then he must die; yet how was he to accomplish this? Suicide was cowardly, and now Garcia had relented towards him. Ah! of course: the Insurgent flag! And Juan looked curiously at the white star on the red triangle, and the blue and white stripes, for the first time. A bright idea occurred to him. With a quiet smile he walked to the improvised flagstaff, and before any of those present had realised his intention, had loosened the cords, let the standard down with a run, and, with one movement of his strong arms, had rent the silken folds from top to bottom. Then, still smiling, he turned to those who watched him, their countenances dumb with astonishment at this audacious deed.

"No flag has a right to wave over this country, Señors," he said quietly, "but that of Spain alone. I salute all impostures thus!"

A howl of rage arose, and had not Garcia, Namaquon, and the other leaders restrained their men, Juan would have paid the penalty of his rashness immediately. When order had been restored once more, Garcia rose again.

"Prisoner," he said, passion in his voice, "I have said you are brave. Let me add that you are a fool too. You have sacrificed your life to a mere sentiment. I could not save you now, even if I would, for my men would not allow me to do so. Enemies often salute each others' flag in war. It means no allegiance, but is merely a mark of respect. You could fight just as faithfully under the banner of Spain if you had saluted that of Cuba, as if you had not. Now I must pronounce death sentence on you, for you have insulted, not only each one of us, but Cuba herself, and as her mouthpiece I order you to be shot at the big tree by the water, and at once."

D'Alcantara silently suffered himself to be led away by his executioners. One look alone he gave at his old love,

and as her eyes met his, he saw in them a look that was scarcely human, and then at last he understood how great was her love for her adopted country, and he turned away with a shudder on his way to death. A minute later, and

an irregular volley rolled out, and a single cry of "Viva el Rey" rose above the noise of the tumbling stream, followed by a dead silence, as the soul of a brave man went back to the God who made it.

THE END.



JUAN SHOT BY THE CUBANS

# A Winter Paradise

BY E. REID MATHESON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**I**T is a long way from the sounds and the smoke of the great city, the little village that we love; and that iconoclastic influence, the railway, has not crept within five hilly miles of it.

We need not give our village a name; some of you know the place—its one straggling main street with dwellings of all grades sociably jumbled. At one end stands the residence, stone-built and mullioned, of an absentee baronet, a house not without pretension to stateliness, though abutting on the street, and cheek by jowl with the comfortable inn and posting-house (not known as the Green Dragon.

There are a boarding-house or two, a butcher's shop, a boot-maker's, a post-office, and a sort of *omnium gatherum* supply store, the Whiteley so to speak, of our village.

A couple of lower-grade inns, a sprinkling of residences of the villa class—though, thank Heaven, not villa type—and a dozen or two quarrymen's cottages, slate-roofed and yellow distempered—and there you have the components of our village street.

And those of you who know the quaint grey village, will have stood upon the cliffs half a mile beyond, and watched the Atlantic hurl itself upon this iron-bound coast, and swirling over outlying reefs, lash its grass-green waters into dazzling foam, or, pouring into a fissure in dark rocks, leap skyward in mist-like clouds of spume. And you will have climbed the great headland, where fragments of a castle, centuries long besung by poet and romancer, still

bid brave but despairing defiance to mutability.

You will have trodden the elastic tussocks of the sea-pink, and heard the weird cry of gulls wheeling above you, and the jerky, fretful note of jackdaws disputing eligible nest-sites in the precipitous cliffs, and you may have seen the long-necked, solitary cormorant skim from rock to rock, and watched a diver fishing in the castle creek. Your rambles will have taken you over mile after mile of steep grassy hill-sides grown with bracken and wind-dwarfed gorse, and across rock-strewn ravines with miniature torrents bubbling and chattering their way to the sea; till, led on by the fascination of this wonderful coast, you have mounted headland after headland, to find yourself at last miles from your quarters, and fain to take the nearest homeward road.

Not possible that this paradise of nature should have remained undiscovered of the tourist; nor would it be fitting in us—who ourselves first came in quality of tourists—to resent the fact that our village has a "season," during which the street is alive with visitors, the sound of the coach-horn is heard all day in the land, and one's most cherished retreat on the cliffs is not secure from invasion by the indefatigable sight-seer.

In winter our village becomes itself again, the coach horn is silent, and the Aborigines resume possession. But the tourists leave their mark; the cloven hoof of civilisation peeps out here and there.

We who love the little place look grudgingly upon innovation; for example, it is a trial to us that the village boot-maker, from the cottage at the turn of

the roads has this year planted a brand new plate-glass-fronted shop, with residence above, plumb opposite the very window where we sit to write. So that, instead of the dear, tumble-down, creeper-covered cottage of old days, our distracted gaze is confronted with a regiment of boots and shoes, and the latest thing in varnishes; nor when the shop blinds are lowered is the case bettered, for a proposal to make you a pair of horse-leather boots in so little time and at such a price, perennially challenges your disgusted eye.

In starting out on foot "down street," it is always necessary to allow a margin

a joy town-dwellers could not buy. And then breakfast. Nectar and ambrosia would take second place behind country eggs and home-made bread, and the clotted cream with bubbly golden crust.

Only, perhaps, the busy man or woman can understand the luxury of this leisured retirement; "must" and "ought," spectres for the time laid, routine gone by the board.

The whole long day before one to read or ramble or look out of window, nothing to obtrude time's flight, but the arrival, mornings, and the evening departure of the postman in the little red coat with Her Majesty's monogram, or the cracked



THE WAY DOWN TO THE SEA

of time; for our village is eminently sociable, and everybody speaks to everybody. Not, of course, that class distinctions do not obtain here as everywhere, at least in theory, but in practice they are not allowed to be hampering.

It is an idyllic sort of existence that one may lead in our village out of the season.

To wake of a morning to the lowing of cows, the clank of milk buckets, and it may be to cries of sea gulls, flocking to the fresh ploughed uplands, is in itself

tinkle of the school-house bell, summoning the rising generation to its academic labours.

Almost certainly we begin the day by sitting at the table in our big bow window, to see what is doing in the street; our flimsy pretext that of letter-writing—it does not deceive ourselves, perhaps no one else.

In reality we are holding a levée.

The landlord of the Inn (our landlord too, for we are staying at a cottage of his across the way) rides his bay, rough

as to coat, but breezy, past our window, on his farming round, and gives us greeting. His wife, at the hotel door to see what the weather will be (she would never own to such folly as watching her man ride off), catches sight of us, and nods.

She is a great friend of ours, and a notable personage in our village and beyond; of more local influence, if not account, than the baronet's wife, who exhales the aristocratic savour of her presence on the village during some three weeks in the year.

And, indeed, many a baronet's lady might envy Mrs. Bray her pedigree; her people have held the same land hereabouts some five centuries long, and their history is part of the history of the place.

An ideal hostess is Mrs. Bray, capable, kindly, never above the duties and demands of her position, yet no respecter of persons; genial enough to those she knows, but with a business-like off-hand civility to new comers, absolutely stultifying to the airs and graces of the ill-advised.

There goes friend Dan, shepherd and

cowman to our landlord, bringing a newly-yeaned ewe and her lambs up to the home paddock. Dan's energies are pretty well occupied in controlling the erratic aberrations of the big-legged, rickety new arrivals; but he does not forget to glance at our window in passing, with the quick side movement of the head which in rustic etiquette stands for "good-day."

The parson is coming up the street; you would need to be told he is the parson, because he is wearing a dark mixture suit and brown tweed cap.

We like him for it, holding it a poor business if a parson wants broad-cloth and a shovel hat to advertise his spirituality.

This man of God is eminently a fighter; ready at all times to do battle for convictions which he holds with a tenacity earning for him occasional adverse criticism. Yet he is never an ungenerous opponent; and, at least, if one may not share his convictions in detail, his single-mindedness remains a refreshing characteristic in these days of insouciant agnosticism.

He is a plain man, the vicar, but he



THE VILLAGE STREET



has a redeeming smile, and his discourses leave one with something to think about; his parish is wife and child to him, for he keeps bachelor state at the vicarage which nestles in a deep cleft between the village and the church on the cliff.

The boot-maker opposite is dressing his window—goodness knows for whom, his own self-respect possibly.

We respond to his salute, in spite of that offending plate-glass window, and permanent solicitation to order horse-skin boots.

Further down the village pedagogue has just opened the school-house door, and now the tin-kettle bell is at its monotonous reiteration, and the small fry straggle leisurely down street in grudging response to its summons.

Our schoolmaster is a versatile genius—pedagogue, parish councillor, and organist, and, as he tells you himself, “a bit of an artist” too; perpetrating water-colour sketches of the coast, something over-broad in technique and crude in tone, but which sell at a guinea apiece to tourists as fast as he can produce them, which (as he has no conscience in the matter of *ad infinitum* replicas) is very fast indeed.

That well-set-up young woman going by, with a hybrid cloth cap perched on her elaborate blonde coiffure, belongs to the new post office. She takes a kindly interest in all letters committed to her charge. Immediately one slips into the box she peeps above the ground glass of the post office window to see who has posted it, then, as a spider on a fly, she pounces and inspects.

This little proclivity is a matter of common knowledge, but we caught her in the act one day, when, having posted some letters and passed the door, we suddenly bethought us of wanting a postal order. Scarlet confusion faced us behind the counter (but it was *we* who felt guilty).

An innocent enough gratification, possibly, this of hers, yet the village folk begrudge her it, many going so far as to circumvent her by handing their letters to the postman direct.

A stooping shirt-sleeved figure, with a grey, ragged fringe of beard beneath the chin, issues from the village emporium.

It is, in fact, no less a personage than the “Whiteley” of our village; we gave him the name one day on being supplied with some out-of-the-way article we had asked for with small hope of procuring; and the universal provider was gratified by the title.

Observe his drab felt slippers with knitted borders of bright yellow wool. Be weather what it may, this is “Whiteley’s” usual morning chaussure, and those slippers seem inexhaustible wear.

The old gentleman has taken in our presence at the window with his weather eye, but he does not salute; obviously, to do so from the street is not his notion of the becoming; for we are excellent cronies when we meet, and many a crack do we have across his counters.

Until this winter “Whiteley” was postmaster as well as Universal Provider, but now the Post Office has walked into brand new quarters down street, of a painfully official rig. This is another of the “improvements” we resent.

The fact is Whiteley’s only daughter, who was acting post-office clerk, left him a while back to marry without his consent.

A middle-aged, comely widow keeps his house now, and village gossips prophesy—but never mind, we will allow “Whiteley” to know his own business best.

There goes the quarry foreman, on his roan pony, down to the slate quarries on the cliffs below the church.

“You are late this morning Captain Jim!”

Turning, he sees us and doffs his cap with a smile.

“Captain Jim” lives with his mother in a neighbouring hamlet; he is a weakly, wizened little man, looking to the full his forty years, the queerest compound of suspicious shrewdness and guileless simplicity.

Tradition explains “Captain Jim’s” celibacy by an early disappointment in love; ourselves, we think he is waiting his chance of some young lady “from the towns,” because he has been heard to say (in a moment when the guileless side was uppermost) “they speak so pretty.”



THE GRAY COVE BETWEEN THE HEADLANDS

Ten o'clock. Our levée is over now ; such stragglers as attend now come too late. We are going out.

There is a stiffish breeze out to-day, but we know well where to go and be in shelter.

Down street, down the rough lane leading between steep grassy downs to the sea, and where below the road's level a stream rushes headlong over its rocky bed, chattering as it goes to the willow herb and calamint and fleabane which fringe its course.

Now the lane takes a twist, and before us through a V-shaped opening made by steep converging slopes, the sea smiles and glitters under a blue winter sky, and far out the "white horses" toss their dazzling crests.

We climb down to the little grey cove between the headlands ; here, when the tide is out are grim wonderful caverns to be explored, whose dripping vaulted roofs are patchwise grown with clustering ferns, and the tints of whose walls are a marvel and a joy to the eye.

The smell of the sea-wrack and the

brine in our nostrils, the salt, exhilarating breeze, the boom of the swell upon the reefs, the illimitable expanse of sky and heaving waters, fill us with a sense of freedom and exaltation, and worship of the Infinite Power which created Nature.

The gorse gives out its perfumed breath from golden masses on the hill-sides (a charm which summer tourists miss), and the sunlight and shadows chase each other across the precipitous faces of the crags, and over the rounded uplands.

Can no Eden be without the Serpent ?

A great, square barrack-like hotel has lately reared its ugly bulk, stone by stone, story by story, upon the high summit east of the castle headland ; and flaunting its squat, pseudo-castellate turrets in face of the revered remains across the creek, stands out, the embodied contravention of the spirit of this historic and legend-haunted spot.

Not wanting are opponents of the desecrating enterprise to prophesy

financial failure, but we are not sanguine.

That large section of the public which likes to do its hill-climbing vicariously, and its scenery from an arm-chair—to which a lift, electric light, and dinner of six courses are necessities of life—will flock to the giant hotel in hundreds all the summer season, their sole regrets probably, the absence of a military band and lack of a lift to the Castle ruins.

Ah well, these are days of progress (or vulgarisation, which you will), and

the few grand and romantic spots left to us are rapidly falling a prey to hotel syndicates, and the rapacity of the enterprising capitalist.

And so we are growing to love our western village best under its winter aspect, for the colour of sea and sky and rock loses none of its charm, the sands of the bays are as golden in the sunlight; but the tourist has ceased from troubling, and the cliffs are in possession of the sea-birds and the rabbits and the crows.





## A TALE OF THE LATE MATABELE WAR

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR H. HENDERSON. ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

### I.

"For lo! we are strangers and sojourners as all our fathers were. . . . Yet turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy servants."

**G**ORDON CARTER sat alone beside a large flat rock and the darkness deepened around him. He was very tired, and the solemn words he had just been reading once again to his war-worn little column haunted him dreamily. Overhead the stars were breaking in lustrous points of beauty through the clear South African sky, save where in the distant north, amid a heavy bank of far-off clouds, the thunder muttered uneasily. Close at hand, round the flickering bivouac fires, his men were busy at their

scanty suppers. The faint breeze sighing amid the broken rocks and bushes brought to him the subdued murmur of their voices. Occasionally a hungry troop horse snorted impatiently. Stray gleams of ruddy firelight shone on rifle and sword lying ready for immediate action.

The smoke curling gently upwards from the camp fires strove to hide from him in kindly fashion the heavy stretchers on which lay the wounded in the day's fight. But still through the short tree stems he could see the dark forms of the fatigue party shovelling the earth into the newly-filled grave under the guard of watchful sentries. There, with no inscription to mark the spot, his comrades were leaving Frank Ayrton for ever. The young lancer subaltern, who had acted as signalling officer to the column, had been shot through the brain in the heat of the afternoon, and now in the peace of the evening after the

action he was being gently laid in his last resting-place by his sorrowing men.

The little column itself, barely 200 in all, was composed of Imperial Service troops—cavalry and mounted infantry from England—some white volunteers and police with two Maxim guns, and a few native friendlies. The task was simple and comprehensive. To find the Matabele enemy and to hustle them till they surrendered; to clear the country of stray bands of marauders, and succour the white settlers; to strike hard at the rebel strongholds, and generally put down the native rising as speedily as possible before the rains.

Behind them lay a weary distance of widespread yellow veldt. Through its undulating plains of parched grey thorn bush, over its endless sandy soil, amid its tumbled masses of granite boulders, their path had lain. Ever above them the same monotonous blue sky, ever around them the bare rolling down, still at last through the shimmering heat of the horizon had broken the hazy mountain forms. Gradually the jagged shapes had hardened as each moonlight march brought them ever nearer their goal—the intricate rocky mountain crowned with defiant kraals of mud huts and scored with steep paths and treacherous caves.

The first day's reconnaissance of the enemy's position had revealed a determined foe in considerable force, and a sharp skirmish had ensued. Owing to the blunder of a signaller, a small party under Lieutenant Ayrton had advanced too far up the mountain side, and had been rushed unexpectedly by the enemy. In the fight that followed Lieutenant Ayrton had been killed, and several men, including the signaller, wounded.

The signallers had always been an anxiety to Major Carter, the commander of the column. When the native rebellion broke out in Matabeleland and it became necessary to use English troops to put it down, one of the first demands made upon the Natal garrison was for a detachment of trained signallers. The Colonel of the 40th Lancers was secretly rather glad of the opportunity to pass on a few of his choicest specimens. Most of the six men who swaggered noisily into Buluwayo with

their flags and heliographs understood their work very well indeed; all of them were unmitigated blackguards in character and reckless cursing heroes in action. Old Timms, the six-foot lancer corporal, could never make out a distant message or read off a test group of letters so well as when he was three-parts drunk. Trooper Bilton, the latest addition to the signalling band of the 40th, had only been accepted by the others after he had overthrown Umlosi, the champion Zulu wrestler, in a long and furious bout at a low disreputable drink shop in Durban. On arrival they insulted the Colonial volunteers, assaulted the friendly natives, and frightened the women, till Lieutenant Ayrton, the regimental signalling officer of the 40th, who had been on leave when the detachment started for the front, came in hot haste to take command of them.

How the boy—for he seemed little more—managed those rough sin-loving men was a mystery to the chief. By some power unknown he drew them to him, so that they not only obeyed him readily but worked hard for him with cheerful keenness.

"And 'pon my word, sir," he said, in an unexpected burst of confidence to Major Carter on the morning the column started from Buluwayo, "my beggars take such a fatherly care of me I shall never be allowed to get to close quarters with the niggers at all."

Ayrton on his part had been rather a puzzle to his brother officers on the column, none of whom belonged to his particular regiment. They voted him a shy, reserved fellow, with an astonishing capacity for hard work and a total lack of interest outside his profession. Apparently he had no particular friends or relations at home. And his great wish had seemed to be to get into the thick of the fighting.

"Well, he had had his heart's desire, poor chap!" reflected Major Carter sorrowfully, as he sat under the night's sky watching the dark shadows of the burial party finishing their work amid the sombre tree forms. And he had faced death when the sudden end came with ready coolness. For him at least there would be no more weary marches



on short rations, no more anxious patrols on worn out horses in search of water, no more sleepless nights and toilsome days in chase of the ever-vanishing enemy. His rest had come.

Whose turn would it be next?

The Major's reverie was suddenly interrupted. A stalwart bronzed-faced trooper came up to him through the gloom, stood to attention, and saluted.

"Well, my man, what is it?" asked his officer curtly.

"Beggin' your pardon for disturbin' you, sir," said the soldier, slowly, "but Signaller Wilkes, sir, is very bad indeed, and says if you could spare him a few minutes——"

"What does he want?" asked Carter abruptly, for in health he regarded Signaller Wilkes with well-merited disfavour.

The trooper hesitated. "'Tis about Lieutenant Ayrton, I believe, sir," he said.

"All right, I'll come," said the Major, and he made his way rather reluctantly past the brightly-burning camp-fires to the spot where the surgeon had improvised his small field hospital. For there is no more bitter grief—albeit a silent one—than that of the officer who, as the campaign drags on, passes day by day down company or squadron and notes the fresh gaps in the ranks of his men. Those plain sunburnt faces, those frank honest eyes that have met his gaze so often, that have followed him so patiently over land and sea through evil times and good, gone now for ever, or lying helpless wrecks in the rough field hospitals. And for what object? To punish a few unruly savages, to chivy some half-scared niggers into a sullen submission to the invading white men.

The Major shrugged his shoulders. After all it was the game. He was a soldier. Now what did the wounded man want?

Private Wilkes certainly seemed very bad. He had been hit in the side by the rusty iron leg of a Kaffir cooking-pot fired from some clumsy old weapon, which had, however, proved capable of inflicting a nasty jagged wound. He was propped up on a stretcher, his white ghastly face being in painful contrast to

the sunburnt doctor beside him. But his dull eyes brightened when he saw the Major.

"This won't do," said Carter kindly, bending down over him. "I haven't got so many signallers that I can afford to lose any of them, you know."

"Beggin' of your pardon for makin' so bold," said the wounded man in eager gasps, "but 'tweren't about myself as I wants to speak, 'tis about 'im."

"Lieutenant Ayrton?" queried Carter, wondering.

"Aye, 'tis 'bout 'im, sir—our orfcer," repeated the lancer proudly. "'E gave 'is life for to save mine 'e did, and I wants it known. An' I couldn't rest in my grave, or out of it, till I owned up as 'ow it were my fault too—'is bein' done for by them blasted niggers."

"Keep still," said the doctor sharply, in parenthesis, as the speaker tried to raise himself up, and then swore uneasily at the pain of moving.

"I'm a-goin' to tell my story," said the wounded trooper, with grim determination, "if I goes out for it arterwards. Sir, when the 40th was quartered at 'ounslow last year, afore we was ordered out to Natal, Lieutenant Ayrton was courtin' a young lady in Kensington—curse 'er!—for she wouldn't 'ave naught to say to 'im. Proud and 'aughty she was, though poor enough the Lord knows, and them as is such is often mighty 'ard on others, though 'tis possible there were another reason arter all. Any'ow, 'er refusin' of 'im near broke 'is 'eart.

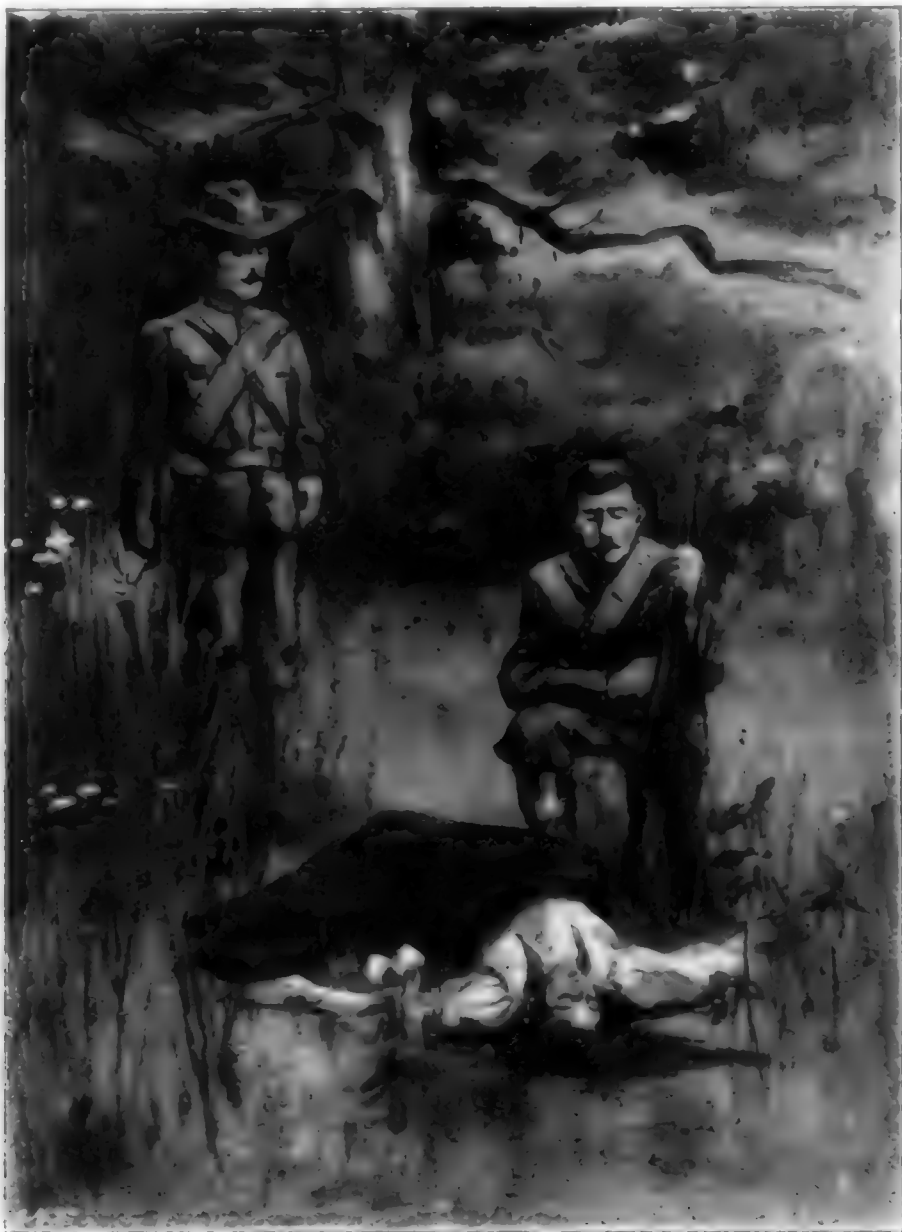
"I can see you're wonderin', sir, 'ow I knows it. Well, quite by chance like. My girl then—the on'y one as ever I've really cared for—was maid to Miss Annesley's sister as was married to a rich stockbrokin' chap. Ah! Jess, my lass, I 'ave treated of you bad in the past; I'll make amends yet if I'm spared. But Mr. Ayrton 'e found out about my girl, and when we was warned for foreign service, 'e used to get me extry leave for to go an' see 'er. Me and my Jess 'ad a bit of a row, an' I never quite got at the rights of the affair, as you might say; but I learn't as 'ow Miss Annesley 'ad gone orf sudden like with a mining chap and left the country. Mr. Ayrton 'e weren't never

quite the same since. Then five days ago we saw 'er again."

"You saw her again!" exclaimed the astonished listener.

"Aye, all that them black fiends 'ad left of 'er," said the signaller, excitedly, his wound beneath his hand. "You'll mind, sir, that little plundered mission

quickly. "From what we saw the niggers must 'ave rushed it sudden, and the white inmates 'adn't no time for much fightin'. The buildin' was partly burnt and the contents looted, and bits of books and child's clothing and such like was strewn about the blackened ruins. While the others was puttin' the



"AND THE GIRL WAS MISS ANNESLEY"

station as you sent the patrol to five days past?"

Major Carter's face darkened suddenly.

"The one which we were just too late to save?" he asked sternly.

"That's it, sir," replied the narrator

murdered mission folks under ground—two poor little yeller-'aired kids among 'em—I followed Mr. Ayrton out into the garden, which must 'ave been a rare pretty little place afore the blacks got into it.

"Wanderin' round, we came sudden on two more—a man and a girl, 'usband and wife. They must 'ave died 'ard, for 'arf-a-dozen dead niggers was stretched out round 'em. And the girl was Miss Annesley as was, afore she married the mining chap and came out into this cursed country to die. 'Tis likely they 'ad been out prospectin' when the rebellion came unexpected and drove 'em to the mission station for the shelter as didn't prove much good to 'em.

"Never 'ave I seen a man look as Mr. Ayrton did then, and, please God, I never shall again. But 'e didn't say much. 'E jest cut orf a bit of 'er 'air, and then we two dug a grave and buried 'er in silence like. Only when 'twas finished we both, orfcer and private, took an oath as 'ow we would never spare a rebel again more nor we could 'elp. Lieutenant Ayrton 'e kept 'is word to the end, and I means to keep mine, too."

"Aye, and so will we!" came in muttered chorus from several rough voices through the darkness.

Major Carter looked round in surprise. Despite his presence, the remaining signallers had gradually collected round their wounded comrade, unwilling to lose a word about their young officer, though the story was probably familiar to them all. And there was a grim, determined look about those strong men with the bare arms and ragged clothes that augured ill for any enemy who might encounter them on the morrow.

The pause gave the narrator fresh breath to continue. The voice was fainter now, but the wild, imploring eyes in the white face held the Major as by a spell beside his poor suffering trooper to the end of the story.

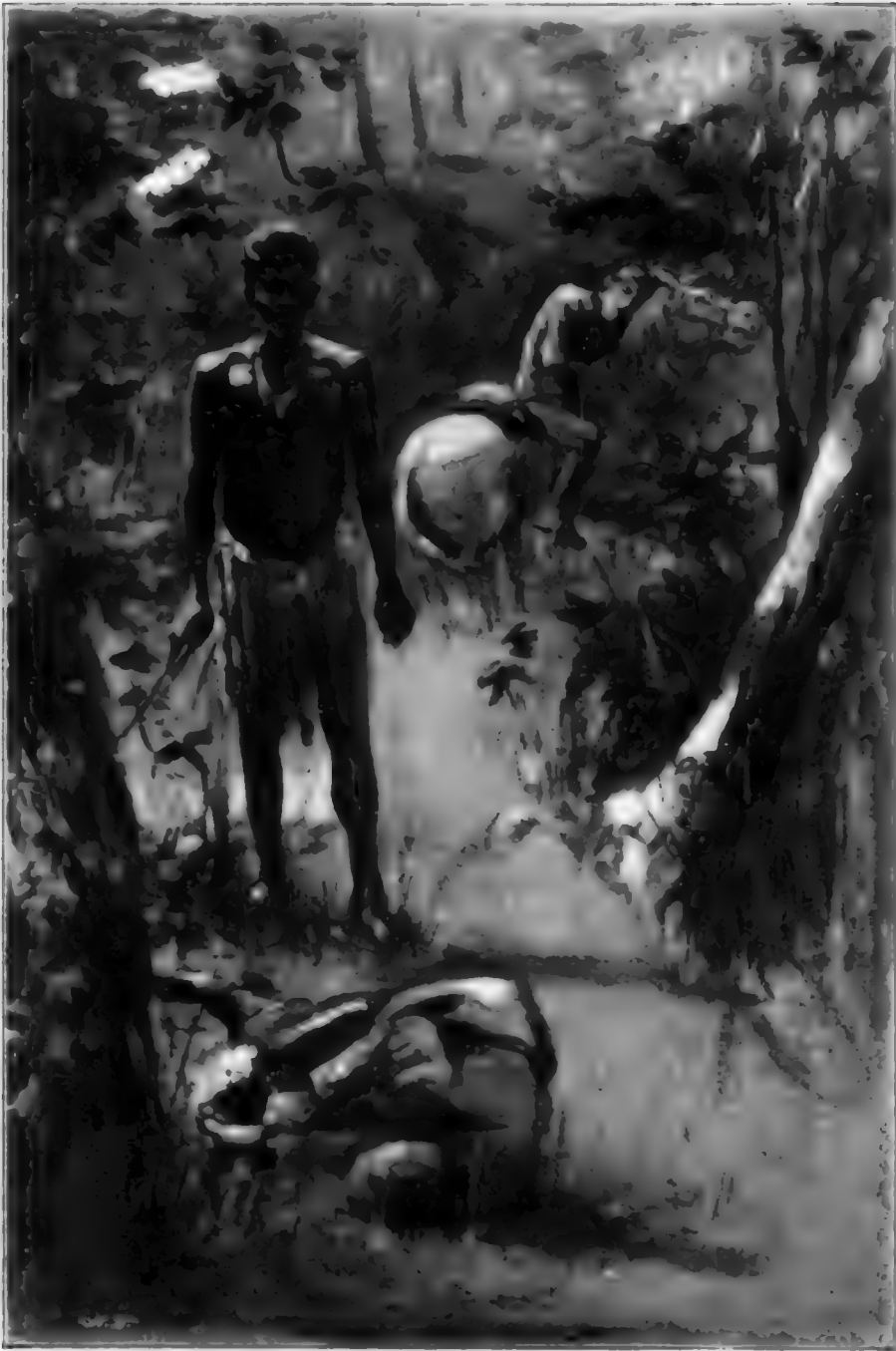
"There ain't much more to tell, sir. I've 'eard the chaplain say as 'ow it eases a man to own up—not as 'ow I've ever paid much 'eed to anythin' the parson said afore. But I wants to do it now. Sir, it 'as been the boast of the flagwaggers of the 40th that they never feared man nor devil in anythin', nor was they ever beat by any other corps with the flags for accuracy. Yet this afternoon I misread the message. We was 'alf-way up the bloomin' ill-

side, and some niggers nigh us was poppin' in and out of their 'oles and takin' pot shots at us. The orfcers with our reconnoitrin' party 'ad seen most of what they wanted. A map 'ad been drawn of the enemy's position, and we was thinkin' of retirin', the word bein' not to get engaged, as you know, sir. Then Corporal Timms, as was signaller down below wi' the main body, calls up wi' the flag, and Mr. Ayrton tells me to read the message a-comin' through while 'e takes one more look round at the kraals and defences. Wot you sent, as I knows now, was, 'You are not to advance further up the spur,' but just as I was readin' it a blasted nigger looses off 'is gun at me from near by be'ind a rock. The bullet knocks up the ground under my feet, and a stone catches me on the shin.

"With that, bein' mad, I forgets everythin', and makes a rush at the beggar to settle 'im. But Mr. Ayrton 'e shouts to me, stern like, to come back and mind my own business, as were to read the message. Then 'e settles the nigger 'isself. But, wot with bein' checked by 'im and rage at the blacky and all, I clean misses out the word 'not,' or, if I answered it, as Corporal Timms 'ere swears I did, I done it careless and forgot. Any'ow, I gives Mr. Ayrton your message as 'You are to advance further up the spur.'

"'E looked surprised. 'Tis a bit risky,' 'e says. But 'avin' got the order, we goes on careful like, the lieutenant a-leadin' of 'is pony, which didn't take kindly to them 'alf-id stones.

"We 'adn't got far afore the niggers made a rush. They came on plucky enough, 'cept it was 'bout twenty to one, they convergin' on us from several sides. We forms wot the infantry calls a rallyin' square, and empties our rifles into 'em quick as may be, right and left. But some on 'em gets into some rocks above us and makes it so warm that we 'as to retreat 'asty. Then a bit further on I goes down like a log, with a lump of iron in the ribs. 'Twould 'ave been all over wi' me, but Mr. Ayrton stops at once, and 'oists me up on 'is pony soon as 'e could get the brute to stand still, it bein' scared by the noise. With that we loses time,



"'THEN A GREAT SKULKIN' BLACK DEVIL STEALS UP'"

and the enemy spots us, and comes at us like mad, screechin' and wavin' their assegais and guns.

"I begs 'im not to mind me, but 'e wouldn't 'eed wot I said. 'You 'ave a girl at 'ome in England wot cares for you, Wilkes,' 'e says, 'and it don't matter wot 'appens to me. 'Old tight,' 'e shouts, and gives the pony a slap as starts it orf arter the others wi' me

clutchin' on to the saddle and swayin' about like as if I was drunk. 'Twere all so sudden and I was kind o' dazed with the wound. The others comes back at once to the rescue soon as they notices me and Mr. Ayrton left be'ind. But too late for 'im! I mind seein' of 'im layin' about 'im with 'is sword, 'avin' emptied 'is revolver, and walkin' into 'em like the man 'e was. Then a

great skulkin' black devil steals up be'ind 'im and shoots 'im down—ugh! And then a kind o' mist comes over me and I don't mind nothin' more till I finds the doctor pullin' me about under these 'ere trees."

Major Carter walked thoughtfully back to his own bivouac. Surgeon-captain Rivers was of opinion that Signaller Wilkes would recover if kept quiet. Yet the patient, without the knowledge of his superior, seemed bent on the opposite. For after their departure he gathered again the signallers of the 40th Lancers round him. A tattered Bible was forcibly borrowed from a Boer volunteer with the column, and the oath renewed with solemn fervour.

And the hospital sergeant sympathised so heartily that he did not interfere as he should have done.

## II.

The attack on the Matabele stronghold commenced with daylight next morning, for the English commander had determined to try to bluff the enemy out of their position, strong though it undoubtedly was. He first impressed upon all ranks that each individual must act as if he were a dozen. Next he despatched a picked force to work round one crag on which was perched a particularly aggressive kraal, crammed with defiant natives. Clambering up the steep hillside with dogged determination, and dragging a Maxim gun after them with infinite labour, these troops appeared suddenly on the enemy's flank. The rapid "bang," "bang," "bang," of the remorseless machine-gun, and the steady, murderous "crack" of the rifles from an unexpected quarter quickly demoralised the greater part of the enemy. Soon they were streaming hurriedly away into the shelter of the caves with which the whole hillside was mined. Some few of the Matabele, however, stuck stubbornly to their posts among the rocks, and more than one of those eager white men in the grimy shirts and tattered cord breeches went down suddenly to rise no more ere the kraal was carried at the point of the bayonet, and the signallers were flag-wagging down to their commander the news of the first success in the day's fight.

The enemy did well to hurry. There was that among the loot in the captured kraal at which sunburnt faces darkened passionately. Mining tools and English clothing, children's shoes and ladies' trinkets, household toys and cherished keepsakes. The spoils of plundered farmsteads and burning homes were disinterred from dark corners of the huts in which they had been hidden.

But there was small time for sentiment. The order came to go on again. The ammunition pony was dragged to the fore and bandoliers refilled. Soon the whole hillside was alive with spurts of flame and rattling musketry, with excited yelling savages and cheering cursing white men. The Matabele popping fiercely in and out of nooks and crannies where least expected. The soldiers grimly shooting down into the smoke-betrayed refuges or clearing the caves with the bayonet.

Snugly ensconced in these winding hill caves the enemy proved tough customers to tackle. The dark passages afforded grand opportunities to desperate defenders, and incautious exploration was apt to end abruptly for the explorer. Outside one such hiding-place two of the signallers of the 40th halted dubiously. A cleft in the rocks ended in a narrow tunnel. Suspicious marks outside betrayed the recent presence of the enemy. Doubtless some active warrior was waiting expectant round the corner gun in hand.

"I ain't a-goin' in that there blessed rat-ole," announced Private Bilton decidedly, after cautiously prying round the entrance with his bayonet. "Wot's that nigger a-beck'nin' of us for, Joe?"

The nigger in question, one of the native friendlies, was excitedly waving them to him from a distance.

"Back door into the bloomin' cave is it, yer ole'eathen," said Corporal Timms, at length mastering the situation with some difficulty. "Ooray! 'Ow many roun's 'ave yer left, Sammy, me boy?"

"Eaps," answered the other laconically, examining his bandolier. "Mag'-zine fire! Ready! Come on old cock."

"'Old 'ard," cried the Corporal suddenly, as the friendly native gripped him by the arm. "'Oly Moses! Wot's the black ijiot discovered now?"



The other lancer uttered a startled exclamation as his gaze followed his comrade's outstretched hand.

"*Dynamite*" he said, with a low whistle of surprise. "My old guv'nor's a miner,

half-concealed in the bushes where the enemy had hastily left them in their flight. Looted from some mining store when the rebellion broke out, the harmless-looking substance had been aban-



"'OLY MOSES! WOT'S THE BLACK IJOT DISCOVERED NOW?'"

and I knows it when I sees it, well enough. An' sufficient to blow this 'ere darned 'ill to bits."

There was no doubt about it. Two small cases, partially broken open, lay

doned by its captors, ignorant of its terrible nature.

It was the hand of fate.

Corporal Timms looked from private Bilton to the shrinking friendly and

back with eloquent eyes. "'Ere's a fuse, too," he muttered hoarsely.

"Heverythin' hall ready for busting," added his comrade, after an expressive pause. "My God! if we was to do it."

"These 'ere poor benighted 'eathen 'ave a notion," said the Corporal slowly, "that when a chief dies it's proper to 'ave a lot of 'is enemies crowdin' round 'im for comp'ny like, when 'e gets 'is marchin' orders for tother place. Now, Mr. Ayrton bein' dead——"

"I'll do it," interrupted his comrade, huskily. "Git clear yerself. I'll keep my oath as I swore for 'im. I'm only wishful 'e could know as I'd 'a done ought in the world to save 'im. Now 'tis revenge I'm after. Orf you go!"

"I ain't goin'," said Corporal Timms surlily. "Trooper Samuel Bilton, you'll do as you're bid by your superior orf'cer; foller me and bring the stuff. D'yer think as 'ow you're the on'y one as must keep 'is oath. We'll go to hell together lad, I'm thinkin'."

A few minutes later the two men had crawled noiselessly through the narrow crevice which led to a labyrinth of dark, winding passages. An occasional crack in the rocks above let in a peep of the outside light. Once they had to turn back, for the path was blocked by a barricade of tree stems. Suddenly they came on what they sought—a short shaft descending to a large cave at a lower level. Corporal Timms crept cautiously to the top of the tree trunk roughly fashioned into a ladder, and peered into the scene below. He drew back with a grim smile of satisfaction on his face. The cave was occupied by a number of Matabele warriors in full war dress, apparently sheltering from the fray above.

With rapid skill the two soldiers arranged the explosive. From outside they could hear the noise of muffled cheering as the charging white men in the distance swept onwards in the final attack. Below them the savages were stirring restlessly.

"Hall ready," whispered Bilton softly to his comrade. "Light the fuse, mate, and run."

He was answered by the sharp snap of a closing lock. It was followed by a bright spurt of flame through the darkness. There was a dull thud, a yell of triumph from the lurking foe, and Corporal Timms went down with a shattered thigh.

Yet another report, echoing loudly down the rocky passages, and another. The singing bullets hummed weirdly through the air.

"Quick with it," gasped the wounded man. "Ah, you too, lad!"

For Trooper Bilton had flung up his arms with a little cry, and dropped like a stone.

With a deep muttered curse the corporal raised himself for a last mighty effort. The fuse was fired.

There was a moment of intense silence—the stillness of expectancy. Then came a sudden deafening roar. With an appalling crash the rocks were torn asunder. Lieutenant Ayrton was avenged.

For, though moralists may murmur, revenge is still a potent factor in this world of ours.

But the Colonel of the 40th Lancers would see those of his unruly signallers no more. Their sojourn was over. "Yet turn thee again, O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy servants."

\* \* \* \* \*

The war is over now. The nameless grave of the English subaltern has disappeared for ever, overgrown by the spreading vegetation of the land. But what was formerly a populous kraal above a far-reaching cave is now a yawning crater, unsightly to look upon. It the natives steadfastly avoid. They call it in their tongue:—

"The place of the Vengeance of the White Man from Afar."

*A LETTER OVERSEAS*  

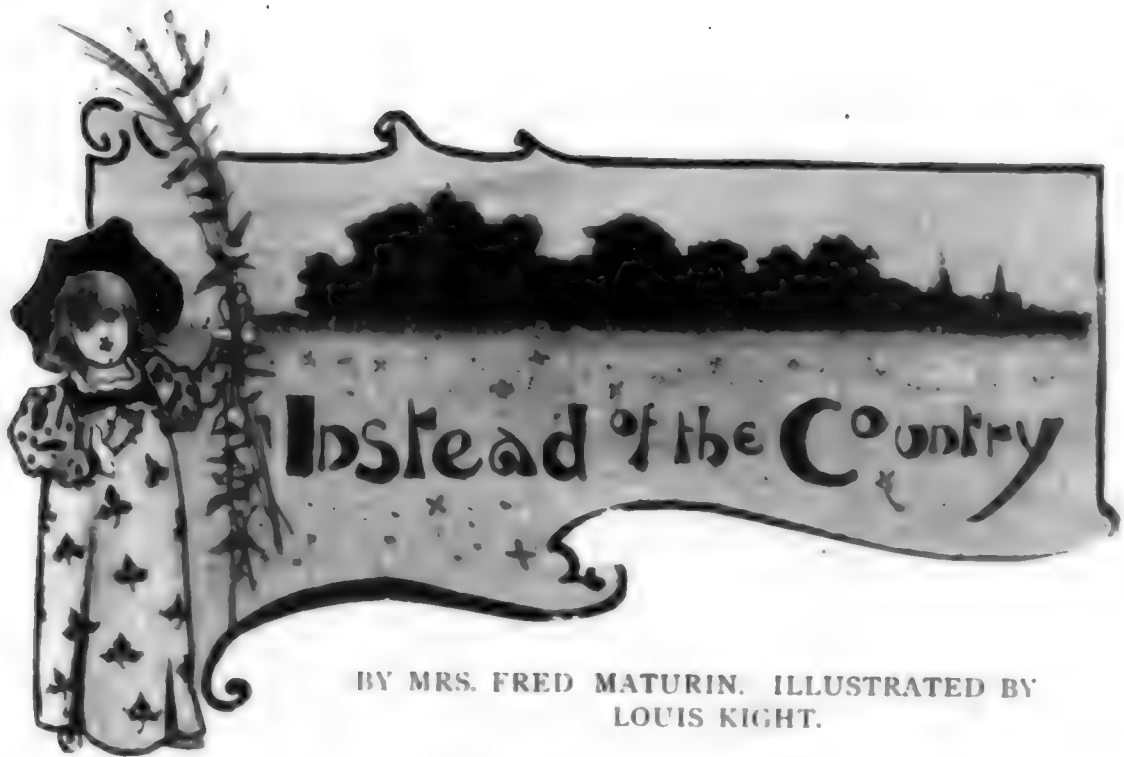
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WHY should I dream of roses, Sweet,  
When scarcely past December?  
Why should I rhyme in running time  
When you are far from here?  
A perfume sets my pulses fleet,  
Dry leaves bid me remember  
A hope that grew from love of you  
When skies were calm and clear.

Why should I think of bonny birds?—  
To-day there's not a sparrow.  
Why should I stray in thought thro' May  
When I am left alone?  
Ah! Love, I have your tender words  
That make the winter narrow . . .  
I hear the notes of thrushes' throats,  
I see the hawthorn blown!

Why should my heart beat high and strong  
Across the tide of waiting?  
Why should delight wake up at night,  
And morning rise all smiles?  
Nay, dear, you know how much I long  
For Spring and our re-mating . . .  
But, when you wrote that little note,  
You covered months and miles.

J. J. BELL.



BY MRS. FRED MATURIN. ILLUSTRATED BY  
LOUIS KIGHT.

A PRETTY GIRL was Jane Tempest.

Her childhood was passed in a lovely country spot in Sussex. Here, under the charge of her grandmother, in one of the many secluded

English homes which besprinkle our land, and the like of which are found in no other land on earth, her early years were spent, and her great and deep love for country life and country sounds and sights took root in her heart.

Her parents were in India, and in those days it took a long while to come home, so she knew but little of them. She used to write to them, and describe her simple life as each season came on, and then passed. It was plain what pure delight it gave her to talk of how "the cowslips are now thick in some of the meadows, and I pick big bunches"; "the corn is turning yellow, and they will soon cut it"; "the hedges are red with hips and haws, and a cold winter coming on."

"How nice, how cool, how English!" Mrs. Tempest would murmur, from

under the punkah in Mugleepore, as she read her little daughter's letters on mail day. "I fear she won't like India, after her garden and her flowers and her poultry. The moorgie out here, somehow, isn't poultry, nor the compounds gardens."

"But before she comes out here, she must go to Paris, Zina, and learn French," said the father.

So at fourteen Jane's happy country life ended.

Who guessed how her simple, faithful young heart bled to leave all the things she loved so? Who ever, as a rule, recognises those children who are never quite like others from the first, but feel so deeply, are so faithful in their attachments, and so dread all change, that the shifts and Sunderings of their little lives leave scars never quite healed?

Such was Jane; and when she found herself boxed up in a fashionable Paris seminary for young ladies, she almost burst her heart in secret with grief.

Her mind dwelt with painful persistence on all the simple pleasures of the rural English life she had now, she feared, left for many a long year.



"HER CHILDHOOD WAS PASSED IN A LOVELY COUNTRY SPOT IN SUSSEX"



It became a pain to see a bunch of pink may offered for sale in the boulevards during the dreary daily walk. The Bois de Boulogne—she dreaded seeing it; its cool glades mocked her. She had to return and live in the seminary. Could she have rushed away into its depths, and lived there as gipsies do, and slept under a tree, and awoke once more to hear the birds sing—ah! then it would be different.

Two years passed, and then her parents sent for her to join them in India.

She went out in a P. & O., and landed at Garden Reach, Calcutta, and was soon plunged into all the delights of a Calcutta "cold weather."

For the time being, the novelty of her strange and new surroundings contented her. She soon found how very lovely she was, and men told her so; and her pretty head would have been turned, only it was set on too sensibly.

One thought and wish possessed her even then, and that was, when she married—as she supposed she would do—to marry a man who had not got to live in India all his life, but would take her home "to live in the country."

The country—the sweet-smelling, fair and peaceful, English country! Yes, this gorgeous life of eternal brassy sunshine, scarlet flowers, palm trees, dusky servants, and lazy luxury—it palled already.

She would rather be a poor country curate's wife at home than spend her existence with the richest civilian match to be found out here; and her mother impressed on her that the matrimonial plums were the civil service men, and she *must* eschew the red coats if she wished to be a happy woman.

"But, I declare," moaned Mrs. Tempest to her spouse, "I sometimes think some brute changed Jane as a baby, for it's not like one's own flesh and blood at all to talk to her. No sympathy, you know, Edward. She gazes at me with those limpid, green eyes—yes, yes, we know she has nice eyes; do let me go on—and then sighs, and leaves the room without a word. And the other day, when I'd talked for an hour and a quarter about Mr. Saul and his five thousand rupees a month,

and his staff of servants, and mug-cook, and all the rest of it, she said she'd rather marry young Farmer Hawkins at Squirrelwood any day, because then she could keep pigs and hens, and *feed them herself!* It's all so low—so funny—and I should never be surprised to hear she was the monthly nurse's child, instead of mine—no, never."

Well, after a year of India, it ended in Jane marrying a captain in an English line regiment. He was madly in love with her; thought her eyes—which, he would fondly murmur, "shone like opal-tinted water between her black lashes"—her beautiful amber-coloured hair, and peachy skin, adorable all; and was ready to swear and vow anything if she would but say "Yes." So when Jane asked, would he throw up the service and go home, and take a little place in the country if she married him, he of course vowed he would, and perhaps meant it at the time, though how he intended doing it on nothing a year was a mystery.

Jane was in love with him too, for Captain David Diamond was a good-looking, soldierly fellow, and too fond of her at present to show that he was selfish, unstable, and uncertain in temper.

He had been brought up, as Englishmen are, to have his own way in everything; to ignore manners unless something were gained by being polite; and a promise was nothing in his eyes except a convenient way of getting what you wanted without any bother, and when you'd got it, why, the promise could be broken as easily as it had been made.

So, once they were married, he kept putting her off about going home to England. He'd wait another six months, and then the English winter would be over, and he hated cold weather. Then came some other excuse, which deferred it another half-year. And then Jane's baby was to be born, and she couldn't travel. And when the little son arrived, the expenses had been so great, the passage money couldn't be managed; and so, as Captain Diamond said, "the baby must do instead of the country for the present."

Certainly, when Jane kissed the little

face all over, and sang it to sleep, and felt its pink fingers curl up round hers, it seemed to her that her passionate love for the country paled into nothing beside this new and wonderful love that had entered her life, and for a time she was divinely happy. Her husband was still kind, and still told her how pretty she was, and how he loved her, though not quite so often; and her child grew daily more adorable, and loved her and her alone in all the world, so her heart had no room for regrets.

But when he was two years old, and their regiment was quartered at Tom-Tim (the euphonious-sounding name of the unhealthiest station in India) the little fellow began to flag, and refused to eat; and then, when she read him stories of English children living an English life amidst green fields and woods, she would, with his little fair head against hers, gaze longingly herself at some simple illustration of children swinging on a gate, or a cow and a boy making acquaintance over a stile, or a field of buttercups; and the old ache came back to her heart with tenfold force.

Oh, for the country air, to blow roses into her darling's cheeks! Oh, to see him tumbling in the hay, or shouting to her from a field of buttercups, just like this one in the picture!

Instead, she had to keep him shut up in a half-darkened bungalow all the long burning days, while the monotonous punkah created the only breeze his white cheeks had ever known. And when the red-hot sun set, and swift darkness fell o'er the land, mosquitoes ting-tinged, and toads croaked in slimy pools. Then he was taken out to "eat the air," as his ayah called it, and would fall asleep exhausted in her black arms, and very soon lay all day too on his cot, listening with a listless air to the ayah's eternal song—

Innie meenie pahneea,  
Rotee mucken cheeneea,

"He will die; he will die!" Jane cried to her husband when he came home in a rollicking mood, with two or three brother-officers, from guest-night at the mess, and called loudly for "brandee pahnee" and the kitmudgar; "let me take him home to England and the country, or he will die."

"Oh, don't make a scene now," replied her lord, irritably; "the fellows will hear. All kids flag this weather. He'll pick up when the monsoon breaks. Where the deuce are my cigars? I'll smash that bearer's head one of these days."

"May I take him, then, to the Hills?"

"You may do that if you like, though the Lord knows where the money's to come from; but anything's better than this eternal whining for home and the country."

"Oh, David—David—and you promised me, if I'd marry you, to throw up the service, and go and live at home! My child would have been a happy, sturdy English boy then."

"Well, and I meant to. What's a chap to do who's a jauper? There, do stop crying, Jane; you'll spoil your looks. You shall go to Nynee Tal, and that must do you for a bit, instead of the country and home."

It was ever thus—always something "instead of the country."

But, alas, alas! it was too late. Her darling reached Douglas Dale, half-way up to Nynee Tal, and then Jane had to halt there—he became so very ill; and on the third morning, when the air felt just like England, and the blue mountains above rose out of the mist, the child died.

\* \* \* \*

The years passed on.

God sent her comfort in other children, though not a morning dawned for years but she shut her beautiful eyes, in order to see inwardly, and weep over, the far-away little grave at Douglas Dale, under the blue mountains.

The other two children seemed stronger, and better able to bear Indian life, and when they were seven and eight Colonel Diamond announced at last his intention of retiring. His promotion had been quick, owing to the Afghan campaign. His father had died, and left him a little money. He'd chuck India and the service, and Jane should have her wish, and live in the country at last.

What joy then was Jane's! She gathered her two children to her heart, bursting into happy tears, and telling them how now at last they should live

where the sun did not burn too fierce, where cool woods waved, and soft-eyed cows stood knee-deep in daisied fields.

They left India for ever, and for ever left far behind, too, that tiny and beloved grave whose lonely image was graven on the mother's heart. Part of Jane's soul, of course, thus remained in India; but the life of her dreams, of her childhood, lay before her, and she smiled as the briny wind from the Bay of Bengal swept her pale cheek, and ruffled the lint-white locks on her living children's heads.

"Home at last, darlings! Home and the beautiful country at last!"

Poor, poor Jane!

Colonel Diamond was taken ill in the Red Sea, with enteric fever. His constitution, undermined by a self-indulgent life, sank rapidly under the dread disease and the intense heat; and Jane stood, a month later, on English shores, a widow, holding her two children by the hand, and life before her on a pittance so small that it was hard to tell how it would even pay for the food they must eat.

Now, "instead of the country," life had to be eked out in a cheap educational town, where her boy and girl went to the Grammar and the High School, and their mother cooked and did the housework at home.

She never complained, but a heart-broken look settled upon her still pretty face, and remained there.

They had no garden. A window-box of cheap flowers, tenderly watched and cared for by Mrs. Diamond, had to do "instead of the country" her heart still longed for so vainly.

Green fields and brooks were a long way off now, but in the summer holidays they would do without meat for a week, in order to pay the railway fare to a picturesque village, where they yearly spent one happy week in the Barley Mow Inn, whose rustic name alone gave Jane delight which was almost pain.

Time passed on.

The children grew up. The amber had long faded into white on Jane's head, and her daughter was now the beautiful young woman her mother had been.

She married well—a young country

squire, first met in the village where the one happy week in Jane Diamond's life was yearly spent; and, all necessity for living amongst bricks and mortar being at an end, now that her children were both provided for, Jane felt that at last she might go and live in the country, for which, ever since she was taken from it at the age of fourteen, she had pined so patiently and so hopelessly.

The feet that still longed to press the daisies were no longer young and elastic; the hands that would still eagerly pick the meadow flowers, had withered in hot climes and city life; the eyes that were once so clear and beautiful could now but half enjoy all the beauties they had so often shed silent tears for; but still Jane could and would enjoy her declining days amid the peace and purity denied her in her youth.

Her son-in-law and daughter Eva owned a beautiful little rose-covered cottage close to their own home, and furnished it, and this little place Eva christened "Home at Last," and brought Mrs. Diamond to it one beautiful June evening forty-one years since the day when Jane had last had a home in the country.

"Forty-one years is a long while to wait for the fulfilment of a wish, darling mother," said she, enfolding the gentle form in her young arms, as she led her through the sweet-smelling porch; "but here you are, darling, 'Home at Last'; and may you be happy—happy as the day is long."

Jane had never wept violently but once in all her life till now, but now she sat down upon a chair, and, covering her face with her thin hands, she sobbed so heavily that Mrs. Clare was frightened; and Jane's first grandchild—just such another little boy as the one sleeping in Douglas Dale—began to roar lustily, with his grubby finger in his mouth, and this of course stopped Jane's tears more quickly than anything.

"And now, good-night, sweet and precious mother. Sunny and I will be round the first thing in the morning. Yes, I've put his buttercups into water here close beside your bed. And doesn't the sweet-pea smell *country*, eh, darling? Yes, darling, at last you are to live in the beautiful country. You'll wake to-

morrow morning—only fancy!—to hear the cows lowing in the fields, and the hens clucking! I'll tell Sunny not to chase them too early, the pickle. He is sometimes over here by six. And now, once more, good-night. To-morrow Rob arrives from town, and our happy country life together shall begin—you and your two children, and your grandchild. No more 'instead of the country' now."

Sunny, Jane's grandchild, arrived at the cottage even before six—quite an object, for he had dressed himself while the house slept; and, having forgotten his little white ribbed "stays," had clapped that garment on, as an after-thought, over all his other clothes. But he was rosy and beaming—like his name—and, coming through the dewy fields, had gathered grandma another huge

bunch of dandelions, daisies and grasses; and, finding no one to stop him, and the cottage door open, he climbed grunting up the little stairs, and into his grandmother's bedroom.

Jane lay fast asleep, so Sunny, after looking at her for a minute, laid the nosegay on the bed close to the quiet, gentle face turned over towards it, and climbed down the stairs again, and killed time for a quarter of an hour by



"JANE WAS FAST ASLEEP"

chasing grandma's new hens and ducks till their agonies melted his soul, and then he climbed upstairs again.

But Jane had not moved, so Sunny went away once more, and this time chased a pig, and when he saw the servant coming, he said, "I'll be dood now," and entered the cottage again, and up the stairs. "Wake up!" said he. "Grandma, the krunty's looking lovely; and see my fowers!"

Still she slept, and Sunny pushed his flowers into her face, and said, "Wake up now, oo lazy ole grandma!" in a coaxing tone; and, finding that no use, tried to open her closed lids with his small, fat fingers.

"I beeve," he said, sobbing now, "I beeve she's deaded, like my bird!" and, after gazing again on tip-toe, he burst into a loud roar, as he heard his mother's voice down below.

Jane's daughter ran up.

"What is it, Sunny, pet! Oh, don't wake grandma! Sh!"

"I beeve she's deaded. Her eyes are velly tight."

Eva smiled, but a moment later, with

a gasp, bent over the bed. Then she ran and drew up the blind, and pushed open the pretty little lattice window, and a whole shower of roses nodded in.

Jane lay with her face close to the dandelions. It drooped downward as if kissing them. Her gentle hand was colder than anything on earth can becold.

"Wake her! wake her!" sobbed Sunny, terrified. "Grandma, *peese* wake!"

"Oh, Sunny, don't! Oh, Sunny, she is not asleep—she is gone!"

"But I want her to come and play in the fields and krunty."

"God has taken her to a far more lovely country than this. She is in green fields now—oh, hush!—fields that never fade. She is amongst flowers, and all the things she has longed for all her life. I know—I know she is. What is this miserable little cottage to her now? It has come too late."

Eva knelt down beside the bed, and gazed breathlessly at the face, which smiled as if at some wondrous dream.

Yes, Jane had gone to live in heaven this time "instead of the country."





# *Bombs and Infernal Machines*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT



**E**VER since the days of the much reviled and infamous Guido Fawkes there has existed an universal and deeply-rooted detestation of those inhuman beings who can be so fiendish as to resort to the use of secret explosives for the destruction of their fellow-creatures. A sense of horror dominates us when we read of the shocking effects of some devillishly devised scheme of wholesale murder of hated, yet harmless, citizens or monarchs. But I will not discuss this phase of the matter.

A gentleman who has made a large acquaintance with the subject has placed in my hands several objects, which I have been at liberty to make sketches of. The accompanying illustrations are the result.

I omit the names of the different chemicals and explosive materials used in connection with the terrible, yet withal ingenious, contrivances. Were I to name the intended contents, as I could do in most of the instances chosen for publication, my conscience would torment me by the reflection that I was placing within the reach of willing scoundrels (especially as details of the mechanism are provided) means whereby they might wreak heartless vengeance for imaginary or real grievances. It is shocking to think that there exist men who evidently take a keen delight in inflicting the most awful cruelty imaginable. The loss of life, and the complete destruction of property, brought about intentionally by means of explosives, has been, even during the last few years, quite appalling. As is well known, there are clubs in which men congregate with evil intent. These places are

mostly occupied by foreigners, and a pretended sympathy extended towards their views may result in descriptions being given of their ideas regarding diabolical instruments, although they rigorously conceal their plans of destruction from enquirers. Just as thieves sometimes boast, before and after a crime, about the clever tools they use in their nefarious work, so do Anarchists, and others similarly inclined, find it now and again irresistible to brag of the powerful things they have used, or are going to use.

In this risky way my informant has discovered many of the secrets of construction of this class of apparatus, and his collection, a by no means large one, includes damaged bombs to which histories are attached—histories, however, which cannot really be relied on—and also models of proposed and unused instruments.

The examples which I have selected for description are sufficiently varied to convey a good idea of the different kinds of bombs and infernal machines favoured by men who are either misguided or mad.

One may be forgiven, under the circumstances, for harbouring a feeling of satisfaction that there is in these matters a very great risk to the evil men themselves, when carrying their wretched inventions loaded with explosives. It will be remembered that some years ago an Anarchist was carrying a bomb through Greenwich Park, and sustained shocking mutilation, which ended fatally, by its premature explosion. Whether it was intended that the dreadful thing should be employed in the destruction of the famous Observatory, or was about to be disposed of in some other

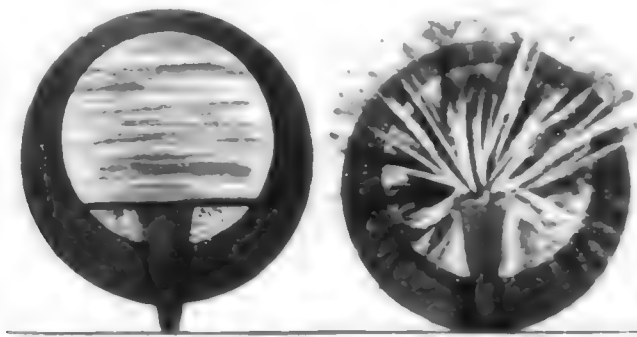
way, is a point on which there are many opinions. But, whatever, may have been the desired object, its owner was the only victim claimed by it, and I am afraid that very little regret was felt by people at the occurrence.

There exists a general impression that bombs and infernal machines are, as a rule, complicated pieces of mechanism; but, as will be noticed upon reference being made to the subjoined half-a-dozen illustrations, they contain very little that is capable of getting out of order, or of exciting suspicion. It has, though, often occurred that one of these infernal contrivances has failed to act, and its discovery has prevented what might have proved a disastrous explosion.

will drive the plug into the heart of the explosive; and there is, also, no chance of its being crushed and permitting the stuffs to coalesce.

I don't wish to impart too technical a character to this article on "Bombs"; but a close study of the cunningly-devised death-dealer, No. 2, may interest some readers. The *ingenuity* displayed in the construction of this walking stick is admirable, *in a mechanical sense*.

We will suppose that some aristocratic person has been chosen as a victim. The exact pattern of his favourite walking stick would be noted as occasion arose, and a *fac-simile* of it prepared; that is to say, so far as mere outward appearances were concerned. The interior would really be an infernal



BOMB WHICH WILL ALWAYS FALL ON ITS POINT WHEN THROWN

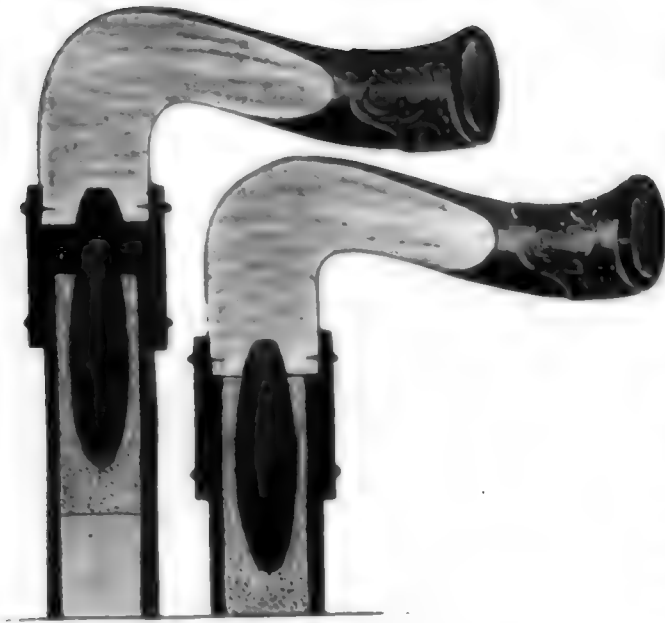
Bomb No. 1 is a hollow, spherical contrivance composed of metal. A glass partition within it separates two substances which, when united, explode with awful effects. The illustrations show the thing cut into halves, in order that its construction may be properly understood. The thickness of one portion considerably exceeds that of the remaining part. When the bomb is thrown, this causes it to fall heaviest side downwards. A plug occupies a hole in this thickened part, and as the bomb collides with the ground this plug is driven inwards and crushes the glass partition, allowing the liquids to coalesce and take action.

I think that this form of instrument has been a favourite one, and I have been informed that it has been employed on very many occasions. It is one of the less risky kind to the carrier, for the reason that only a violent concussion

machine. Just follow me closely as I give its details. Many sticks have a collar around their necks, and this collar would serve to conceal a point where the handle was separated from the shaft.

Inside the hollow of the stick would be a metal flask containing a liquid which could emerge only from a small orifice at the top of the flask. The flask would be imbedded within a substance which would explode the instant that the liquid referred to came into contact with it. Now, the safety of the schemer must be ensured, and at the same time no abatement be made in the possibility of the stick's effect proving disastrous to the selected victim.

As a matter of fact, the handle of the stick could be unscrewed completely away from the remainder. In such a case the orifice of the vessel containing the liquid would project slightly, as



BOMB IN THE NECK OF A WALKING-STICK

shown in the illustration. When the handle was screwed on while in the possession of the Anarchist, his safety would be ensured by this orifice being closely covered by a recess in the interior of the stick-handle. There would then be no chance for the two kinds of substances to unite accidentally. But when an opportunity occurred for the stick to be substituted for its innocent counterpart the handle would be unscrewed to a slight extent, thus allowing a space for the liquid to flow out, which it would do when the stick was held in a *horizontal position*.

Most men occasionally carry their sticks in this way. So, when the victim took his supposed usual stick from the corner in which it had been placed *upright*, he might walk about with it for a long period without encountering actual harm; but once let him hold it horizontally, or twirl it in the air, there would be—well, you can imagine the result.

I am afraid that by giving the foregoing description I shall be unduly causing alarm to those readers who imagine that any enemies they may chance to have are of a dangerous turn of mind. It will only be necessary, however, in a case of suspicion, to hold a doubtful stick horizontally. But I

ought really not to treat this subject otherwise than seriously.

An infernal machine in the form of a lump of coal was once providentially discovered on board one of the greyhounds of the ocean. It was a clever imitation in metal, partially filled with a chemical whose vapour, arising from the heat of the furnace (supposing that the dummy lump had been thrown therein), would undoubtedly have caused a disastrous and appalling explosion. Even a closed vessel of water would inflict considerable damage under similar conditions.

A minor form of bomb, often favoured by particularly spiteful people more in "fun" than with serious intent, is a plug of tobacco with which a certain proportion of gunpowder has been well mixed. This is offered in a

friendly manner probably to a disliked shopmate who may unsuspectingly load his pipe with the dangerous material. It is hardly necessary for me to say that upon applying a burning match to the deceitful tobacco an explosion would follow immediately. I know of a case in which a man who was thus imposed upon sustained dreadful injuries to his face by this miserable method. The practical joker nearly experienced imprisonment for his wretched deed, a condition of affairs which was obviated only by his making ample compensation for the bodily damage of which he was the main cause.

If the reader has any vicious enemies he is advised to exercise great care in opening presents forwarded to him anonymously. Most men would regard the receipt of a box of cigars in a favourable way; but even here the cunning traitor to humanity can display his terrible ability. I had the privilege of handling and examining this box (without its explosive matter—oh, yes!); and I can attest that it worked easily and admirably.

A length of tape connects the lid with a lever. When the lid is lifted, this tape acts upon the lever, the free end of which strikes a percussion cap and ignites some concealed substance. If



A CIGAR BOX FITTED AS AN INFERNAL MACHINE

the lid is not opened sharply enough, the invention may fail. This possibility is a comforting reflection; but the unsuspecting receiver would naturally, upon detecting a stiffness of the lid, force it open vigorously, much to his own detriment. Of course, a layer of cigars would be contained within the box to distract chance suspicion.

I have no doubt that the reader will thoroughly understand the formation of this device by examining the illustration, displaying an opened cigar box, to the interior of which the apparatus has been affixed.

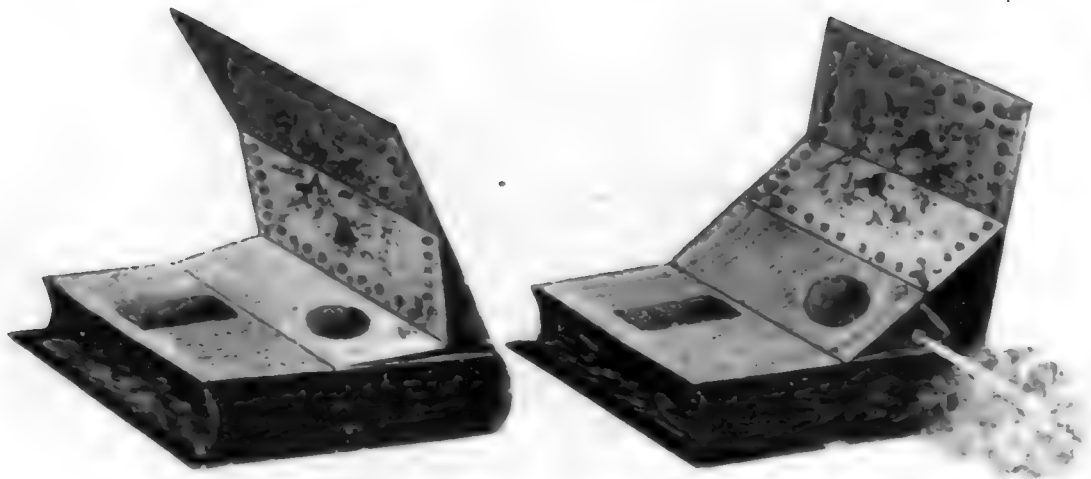
If the valets and other attendants of our public men were not noted for their honour, I fear that the "boot" invention described here would prove an extremely convenient means of causing catastrophes. Supposing that a man base enough was induced to follow the advice of the intended slayer, he would merely fix a small receptacle underneath one of his master's boots, in the space formed between the sole and the heel, as illustrated. I do not think that many men examine the under parts of their boots, preparatory to inserting their pedal extremities therein, so that, once secreted in position, the bomb would be ready for work, without much risk of discovery. Friction against small stones, bits of glass, etc., which are frequently trodden on during a stroll, would act on

the contents of the machine in a similar way to friction on a match-head.

A device to fire off a revolver cartridge at the handler is also shown herewith. In this case the article is made to resemble a nicely-bound volume. Upon raising either the front or back cover unsuspectingly, a person would receive the cartridge somewhere in the region of his chest, and the wound would no doubt prove fatal. The "book" is, of course, a mere box, to each cover of which are hinged two flaps, as in the illustration. Beneath one of the flaps is a small compartment containing the loaded revolver, the trigger of which is held in the desired position by springs. The point of a lever contacts with one end of the box, and thereby holds the springs ready for action. The moment that the flaps have been raised, this point protrudes



BOMB FITTED TO UNDERSIDE OF BOOT



A DUMMY BOOK WHICH WILL FIRE A REVOLVER

above the edge of the box, thus releasing the springs, and the cartridge is delivered on its deadly errand.

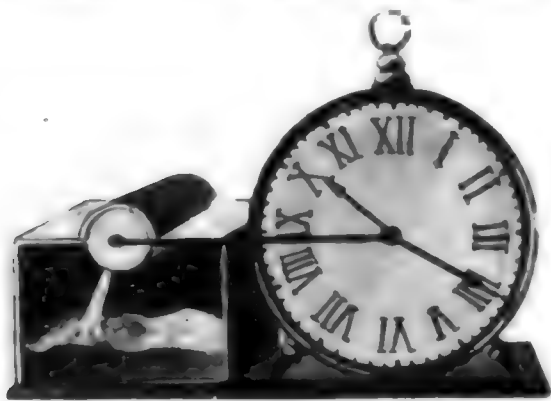
The final illustration depicts the mechanism intended to occupy a snug corner of a travelling bag. I am assured that such a device has already been used with disastrous effects. The glass of an ordinary American clock is removed, and a strong thread wound around the axle. The other end of the thread communicates with the axle of a small cylinder containing a liquid. The cylinder has pierced through one part of it a small hole, which would be uppermost at the beginning of the experiment. It is an easy matter to so arrange the apparatus that when the clock-hands pointed to a certain hour, the hole in the cylinder would have revolved so as to be underneath. The cylinder is sup-

posed to contain liquid only up to the level of its own axle. As soon as the acid united with the substance in the box the explosion would ensue. One side of the box has been removed to explain the affair.

Bombs have been placed in extraordinarily diverse situations. On one occasion a powerful sample was affixed, by some malicious person, to one of the rails of a permanent way. No one could possibly surmise the motive for the act—whether it was merely a detestable practical joke or a contemptible intention to do harm. The result was, however, very little more exciting than the explosion of a fog-signal.

Others of these diabolical machines have been fastened to the bottom extremities of chair legs, so that the sudden pressure exerted by a person dropping on to one of the seats for rest, caused a startling bang—just for fun!

It is proverbial that medical students are very jocular fellows—jocular, that is to say, in quite an extreme fashion. I have heard of a case in which a couple of these facetious young men one night secured a contrivance containing an explosive to the iron disc on a street door, on to which the knocker is thumped when admission to the house is desired. Now, that particular building was the temporary home of a chum of the practical jokers, and they gaily awaited, in pleasant anticipation, the home-coming of the chosen victim. They overlooked



AN INFERNAL MACHINE TIMED TO EXPLODE WHEN WISHED



the important fact that probably some one other than their destined prey might use that means of announcing his arrival before the appearance of the student. It so happened that a visitor *did* approach the vicious knocker, and, unsuspectingly raising it to its utmost limit, banged it back again with such a force as not only to explode the "toy" bomb, but also to so injure his eyes as to necessitate the subsequent medical treatment of the poor fellow for several weeks. The students exercised the precaution of keeping the secret to themselves concerning their knowledge of the bomb, but they personally tended

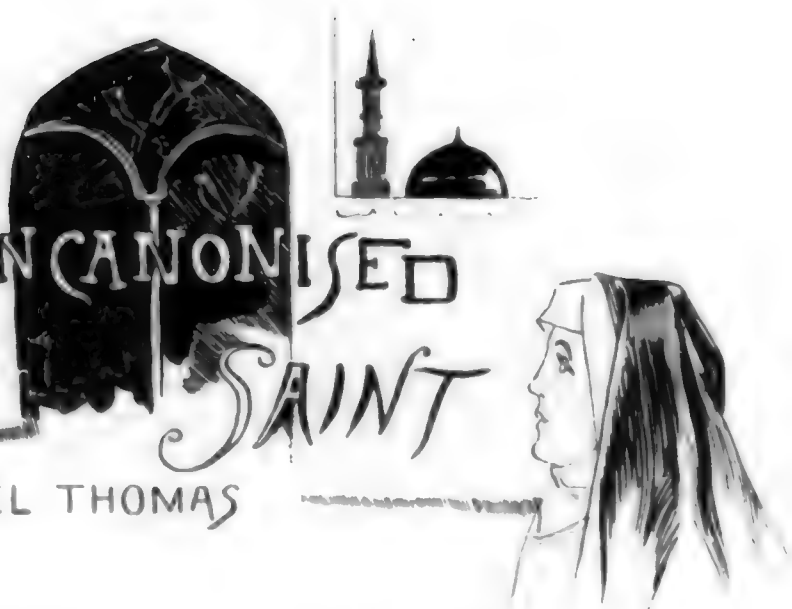
the victim, and gave him the most conscientious assistance. It was an easy matter for them to explain their sudden appearance immediately after the explosion. They stated, of course, that they had just come to have a chat with their chum, who was afterwards made acquainted, under a vow of secrecy (which has been broken) with the facts of his narrow escape from temporary blindness.

Examples of misplaced ingenuity would fill volumes with interesting material, but in no case could diabolical intent exceed in wickedness the instances given.



# AN UNCANONISED SAINT

BY  
ETHEL THOMAS



ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL

**L**ADY ROSEMERE had quarrelled with her daughter, and having, as was usually the case, been worsted in the fray, retired in tears to her own apartment and the ministrations of her maid.

The Honourable Cynthia, on this occasion, felt the house too small for her. The mournful joy of feeling herself aggrieved appealed strongly to her, and imagining herself a sort of martyr, took her drawing materials and went out to sketch.

She passed out of their own grounds, and down the little lane leading to the village. She had often meant to make a picture of the old square-towered church, and to-day, her mood encouraging a predilection for tombs, she ensconced herself in the churchyard and began to work.

For some time she worked steadily, the past scene with her mother filling her thoughts, and a feeling of resentment growing in her mind. She still wanted a vent for her anger. Presently she felt rather than saw two figures approaching down the gravel path—a man and a little child. They came on

till they reached her, then stopped, the child gazing at her open-mouthed. They remained as they were for several minutes without uttering a word. Cynthia could stand it no longer; here was a fitting object for her wrath.

"Well," she said, in cold, insolent tones, without lifting her eyes, "when you have quite finished staring at my drawing I shall be relieved. Perhaps after such a lengthened scrutiny you will be able to say whether it meets with your approbation or not."

"Madam, I am indeed sorry if we have annoyed you," replied a grave, musical voice; "it also grieves me that I am unable to pass judgment on your work. I would willingly do so, but, alas! I am blind."

Cynthia looked up quickly, and beheld a man of medium height, thin and pale. He held his hat in his hand, letting the gentle breeze play about his wavy brown hair. His features were delicately chiselled, and a great air of refinement pervaded his whole being. His eyes were grey or black, inscrutable, and his mouth was sensitive as a woman's. The child with him was a boy, evidently about nine years old.

The horror of her rudeness overwhelmed her, she hated herself for having given pain to this quiet, sad gentleman, and rising quickly she impulsively exclaimed, "Oh, I am so very sorry. I really had no idea, please forgive me."

"I assure you, Madam," he replied, "there is nothing to forgive. My little boy here, Eric, is inquisitive, he wished

had time to answer. "I have not the pleasure of Miss Rosemere's acquaintance Ruth, but the boy here, was the cause of our exchanging a few words." Cynthia was grateful to him for his kindly tact and readily accepted Mrs. Martyn's invitation to come into the Rectory to tea.

Paul Clavering was a widower with four young children. At the time of



"FOR SOME TIME SHE WORKED STEADILY"

to see what you were doing, and, as I am somewhat in his power, we came."

Just then a voice was heard calling, "Paul, Eric, where are you?" and the plump person of the Rector's wife came into view. Then, catching sight of Cynthia, she hastened to add, "Oh, Miss Rosemere, I did not expect to see you, and you already know my brother?" The grave voice broke in before Cynthia

his marriage he had held some Government appointment in India. The climate, however, proved too much for him, and after a long, tedious illness, in which his life had been despaired of, he was obliged to come back to England. Thus to his own country he returned, the poorer by the loss of his eyesight, the richer by the possession of a wife and three small children.

Through his calamity his sphere of remunerative usefulness was considerably narrowed. After some time, however, and through the influence of friends, he succeeded in establishing himself in the busy town of Waughton, as assistant musical instructor to the College, and soon managed to get together a small connection for private lessons. A year after his settlement in Waughton, his wife died, leaving him, as consolation for her departure, a little baby girl. He felt her death acutely, but set himself determinedly to carry out her last wish, constituting himself mother and father, both, to his little ones. This happened three years ago, and at the present time Paul was paying a long-promised visit to his sister, Mrs. Martyn.

The following hour at the Rectory passed pleasantly for all. Cynthia made friends with Eric, and did all she could to obliterate the impression of her unfortunate speech.

Clavering talked well, and presently, at his sister's instigation, played them one of his own compositions, "A Reverie." He made his violin speak and tell a wild, sad story of passion and remorse, of hope and despair, with a conclusion of infinite sweetness and great calm. As he ceased, Cynthia was silent, but Mrs. Martyn saw two bright tears glistening on her cheek.

After that day Miss Rosemere came frequently to the Rectory. It was a somewhat unusual proceeding on her part. Mrs. Martyn wisely said nothing, but she thought she understood.

Cynthia lived with her father and mother at the Hall. Her only brother, the pride and hope of his parents, was soldiering in Ireland. Their daughter, to quote Lady Rosemere's own words, "was not a success." She had run the gauntlet of several seasons in town, she had had a winter in Cairo, and had spent a month at Homburg while the Prince was there. To her mother's certain knowledge, two good offers had been made her, yet she persistently refused to settle down.

In appearance she was tall, with a well-developed figure. Her hair, her chief beauty, was a bright reddish gold. She had quantities of it, and it curled

and rippled into all sorts of surprising and fascinating little rings. Her eyes were blue and clear, set far apart. She had a slightly *vétroussé* nose, and a mouth too large for beauty, but which, when she laughed, gave you a liberal view of a splendid set of teeth, beautifully white and even. She had no particular accomplishments—parlour tricks, as she herself called them—but she loved country life, and was what men would term "an all-round sportsman." When taken to task by her mother on the matrimonial question, she would invariably reply: "Having seen so much unhappiness and disgrace accruing from the ordinary fashionable union, I mean, if ever I go in for it at all, to allow myself the luxury of marrying for love."

One morning after breakfast, Cynthia casually remarked to her parents, "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Martyn has a brother staying with her at the Rectory, it would be only neighbourly to ask them all three up to dinner."

"Yes," replied Lady Rosemere, "I heard she had some relative there—a common music master, or something of that sort. Do you know anything of him, dear?" she went on, turning to her husband; "if he's presentable they could be asked to dinner next Tuesday, the Borehams are coming, and we shall want one or two more."

"I met him yesterday with old Martyn in the village," said Lord Rosemere. "He seemed respectable enough, but the poor fellow's blind."

"Dear, dear," replied her ladyship, "how very trying."

"I hear he plays the violin," returned her husband.

"Very well then, Cynthia, you had better send them a card, and if he really plays well, tell him to bring his instrument." She turned in speaking to her daughter, but was surprised to see that young lady was no longer in the room.

A card was therefore duly written and despatched to the Rectory. The Reverend James and his wife accepted gladly, but Mr. Clavering could not be induced to accompany them. Lady Rosemere was annoyed when the answer came. She had counted on the blind

man bringing his fiddle. She, however, relieved her mind by exclaiming, "I daresay this Mr. Clutterbuck, or whatever he calls himself, feels nervous at the thought of entering a society so totally different from what he must be accustomed to."

That same afternoon Cynthia, feeling depressed and restless, resolved to go for a good hard ride. She needed violent exercise of some sort. On these occasions she always went alone, utterly disdaining the attendance of a groom. "To have a man," she said, "riding a few yards behind you, never letting you out of his sight, makes me feel like a suspected person, perpetually shadowed by a detective."

She took the road leading to the heath, and once there, enjoyed a splendid gallop. The blood throbbed and bounded in her veins, and already she felt happier. The *joie de vivre* filled her whole being, and at last, as she settled her mare into a steady walk, broke out into a cheery tune. Sing she could not, but she possessed that gift, rare among women, of being an excellent whistler.

As she came along she noticed two figures sitting in a dejected attitude under a tree. As she came nearer, she saw it was Mr. Clavering and Eric.

"Oh, papa," cried the child, running towards her, "here is Miss Rosemere. What a jolly piece of luck." Cynthia drew in her horse, and taking Eric's upstretched hand, enquired of him what they were doing out here so far from home. The boy ran back to his father, and dragged rather than led him towards Cynthia.

"The fact is," Clavering answered, "we have lost our way. Of course, I, under the circumstances, am useless, and Eric has deceived himself about the road. The poor little man is thoroughly

tired too, and I myself was beginning to feel hopeless. You are indeed a god-send, Miss Rosemere."

"I am awfully glad I happened to come this way," replied Cynthia; "and now, if you are rested, we had better be getting back, as there is a good five miles between us and the village." Saying this, she dropped easily from her saddle into the road.



"SETTLED HER MARE INTO A STEADY WALK"

"Now Eric," she said, "have you ever been on a horse or pony?"

"Rather," replied the child eagerly; "Bobbie Smith used to let me ride his pony last holidays."

"That's all right," said Cynthia, lifting Eric on to the horse. "'Betty' is as quiet as a lamb." She gave him the snaffle, and slinging her arm through the curb rein, offered her other arm to Mr. Clavering.



"But, dear lady," began Paul, "you are too kind. You will be tired yourself."

"Not a bit of it," returned Cynthia briskly. "I was getting stiff, and really wanted a walk."

"Oh," broke in Eric, with a long sigh of delight, "this is lovely; when may I ride 'Betty' again, Miss Rosemere?"

"Hush," said his father, "you must consider yourself a very lucky boy to be riding 'Betty' at all." They went on silently for some time, Cynthia feeling exuberantly, madly happy, yet scarcely daring to analyse her feelings. Paul, with his hand in hers, grateful for her kindness, and wondering why she was so good to them. Presently, as the village came in sight, he said, "You are so good and kind, Miss Rosemere, I want to thank you. Perhaps one day I may be able to do something for you."

"You can do it now," exclaimed Cynthia impulsively. "Dear Mr. Clavering, say you have forgiven me for my horridness at our first meeting. I've thought of it so often since. I was a perfect beast."

"Dear lady," returned Paul, "I had already forgotten the incident, your many acts of kind thoughtfulness since, had forced it from my mind."

"Thank you," she replied softly, and added rather irrelevantly; "I hope we shall always be friends."

"I am indeed proud," returned Paul gravely, "to be honoured with your friendship." And five minutes later, the odd little procession drew up at the Rectory gate.

Dinner that evening at the Hall was a decidedly depressing function. Cynthia was dreamy and preoccupied. Twice she replied "No" when it should have been "Yes," and once she peppered her pudding. Lord Rosemere was sulky, and only opened his mouth to put something into it.

His wife found fault with the cooking, and in the intervals, addressed extravagantly endearing epithets to her pet dog. Scarcely were the two ladies seated in the drawing-room when her ladyship began: "Cynthia, what is this absurd nonsense about you and that music person this afternoon? Your father is fright-

fully upset about it. Aunt Priscilla met him, and said she had seen you on Langdon Heath—the child on the horse and you and he walking hand-in-hand."

"Aunt Priscilla, for once, spoke the unvarnished truth," replied Cynthia, her face turning white, and a hard look settling round her mouth. Her mother gazed at her, expecting more, but Cynthia offered no further observation.

Lady Rosemere continued, "Have you no excuse to give, no reason for this extraordinary conduct?"

"I can give you a reason," returned her daughter, quietly, "but I don't consider any excuse is necessary. I met Mr. Clavering and his little boy; they had lost their way. The child was tired, I set him on the horse; the man was blind, I gave him my hand."

"And pray," went on Lady Rosemere, waxing angry, "what do you suppose people will say about this last mad freak of yours; haven't you been talked about enough already? The latest gossip," continued her ladyship, dramatically flinging open her arms, "The Honourable Cynthia Rosemere constituting herself bear-leader to a blind fiddler."

"I don't care a brass farthing for these petty gossips," said Cynthia; "if the occasion again offered, I should do precisely the same, and consider myself honoured in rendering service to such a man."

"You are aggravating and tiresome, Cynthia," sighed her mother; "where you get your low social ideas from I cannot make out, not from your mother, certainly. This Mr. Chattering, or whatever his name is, ought to know his place better than to push his acquaintance on a lady of your position."

"That shall not be said of him," fired up Cynthia. "The pushing, if indeed there has been any, has come entirely from me."

"To think," soliloquised her ladyship, "that a child of mine should so forget herself!" Then turning to her daughter said, "Cynthia, your behaviour is worse than wicked, it is unladylike; understand, I forbid you to speak to this person again, or to go to the Rectory while he remains there."

Cynthia made no answer. She had taken up a book and was so completely

engrossed in it, that she forgot to notice it was upside down.

Next morning Cynthia went down to the Rectory to take a book she had promised Mrs. Martyn. When she arrived they were just sitting down to lunch, and Cynthia gladly accepted the invitation to join them. During the meal, conversation turned on the Claverings' departure, which had been fixed for that day week. On hearing this, all the gladness seemed to go out of her. It was as if, on some glorious summer day, the sun had suddenly hidden himself, and all had become dull and cold.

When they rose from the table, Mrs. Martyn asked her brother to take Miss Rosemere into the garden and let her see how well the chrysanthemums were coming on. After Cynthia had duly inspected the flowers, they sat down under an old beech tree, and, without further preface, she broached the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I am so sorry you are going away, Mr. Clavering, I shall miss you—and Eric," she added, as an after-thought, "so very much."

"Were it not that my college term commences then," Paul replied sadly, "I would only too willingly stay on. Till this month I had not been happy for three years, and, dear lady, I think your kind companionship has been the greatest item in the sum of my enjoyment."

"That is all so nice to hear," returned Cynthia. "And since you said that we were friends, perhaps," she went on nervously, "you will let Eric write me a letter sometimes. I shall like to know how you are getting on."

"Would that I could write to you myself, or, still better, that I might hear from you. But, alas! Miss Rosemere, my calamity precludes me from both one and the other. Sometimes I feel my trouble almost greater than I can bear." He sighed softly, and ceased speaking. A soft, subdued sound broke the stillness of the quiet October afternoon. Surely he was mistaken; it could not be that the merry, light-hearted Miss Rosemere was crying. Yet, so it was, and, as he reached out his hand for hers, she said, brokenly:

"Can't I be of some use to you in

your trouble? Dear friend, do let me help you."

"The only way in which you can help me is in giving something for which I cannot ask. I never meant to mention it, Cynthia," he went on passionately, "but you, unknowingly, have made me. I love you, dear, but cannot ask for your love in return. I am poor and afflicted, while you are rich and strong; I am an insignificant music teacher, while you are the daughter of a lord."

"Oh, Paul," she broke in rapturously, "I am so glad, so proud to know you love me, and though you do not ask me for my love, I give it fully, freely; and, dear," she added, holding his hand against her cheek, "I would rather live in a garret with you than marry the richest duke in England."

"My dear, brave Cynthia," he answered; "you don't realise what you are saying. Brought up as you have been, you can have no conception of the meaning of poverty. Reflect, dear one," he went on, "if you married me, your friends would probably cut you. You would miss the society of your social equals. I could not give you the luxuries—sometimes we might even want the necessities—of life. I live in a poor part of a large town, and have four young children to look after."

"Nothing you can say will alter me," she said brightly. "I am now twenty-seven, and surely old enough to know my own mind. I love you with all my heart and soul, and," she added laughingly, "take the privilege afforded to our sex in Leap Year, and insist on your marrying me."

"Then be it as you will, my darling," he said softly, drawing her face down to his; "I should be more than mortal to hold out against such a siege. I surrender unconditionally, and we will fight the world together."

Half-an-hour later they went into the house, and told Mrs. Martyn their news. They wondered that she evinced so little surprise. But then Mrs. Martyn was an observant woman, and, we are told, "onlookers see most of the game."

That evening there was a stormy scene at the Hall. Cynthia had frankly told her parents she was going to marry Mr. Clavering. Her father was simply

furious, and her mother cruel in the bitterness of her scorn. Through all the painfulness of the scene Cynthia never wavered from her set purpose. No one hearing her calm, quiet words

large *répertoire* of invectives, exclaimed:

"Till to-morrow morning, Cynthia, I give you to think it over. Should you then still persevere in your wicked folly,



"THAT EVENING THERE WAS A STORMY SCENE AT THE HALL"

would have imagined how acutely she felt it all, and how very near the surface were her tears. Finally, Lord Rosemere, having exhausted his somewhat

I disown you, utterly and completely. Never a penny-piece of mine shall come to you, and out of my house you go."

"I fully endorse your father's re-

marks," Lady Rosemere added; "you are an ungrateful, headstrong girl, and unless you listen to reason, I too wash my hands of you."

The following morning Cynthia calmly told her parents her decision was unalterable, and that, as soon as she had packed her personal belongings, she intended going to the Rectory. She added how sorry she was to grieve them, but that it was impossible for her to act otherwise.

"Then my decision, too, is final," roared her father; and Lady Rosemere, after once imploring her daughter to give up her folly, lapsed into a state of violent hysteria, and was assisted screaming from the room by her irate husband.

Only in bidding good-bye to "Betty" did Cynthia break down, and, sitting on the edge of her stall, she sobbed her heart out to the faithful creature.

Early one morning, a week later, Cynthia Rosemere and Paul Clavering were made man and wife; and on the afternoon of the same day a station fly deposited them at the little semi-detached villa on the outskirts of Waughton.

The rain was falling in a gentle drizzle, and, as they walked up the little path leading to the front door, Cynthia could not help noticing the flowerlessness of the garden and the greenish-grey look of the front of the house (the necessary adjunct, by the way, of stucco in damp weather).

They were received at the door by an elderly, grim-looking female, who immediately remarked, in a voice utterly devoid of emotion and as if she had studied and learnt her speech by heart:

"Welcome 'ome, your ladyship, and I 'opes as you'll be 'appy."

A mingled aroma of stewing bones and a badly-trimmed lamp pervaded the narrow passage, and Cynthia passed somewhat wearily into the front room. Here the aspect was more cheering. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and a substantial tea was laid out on the large table.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the elderly female, who rejoiced—if such a depressing-looking object could be said to rejoice at anything—in the name of

Matilda; "thinking it was best under the circumstances, I sent the children in to tea at Mrs. Smith's."

Cynthia felt relieved; she would thus have Paul to herself for a little while longer. When the door closed, and they were once more alone, Paul stretched out his arms, and Cynthia came and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"My darling, my sweet wife," he whispered, fondly stroking her hair; "welcome, welcome home; I trust you will never regret the brave step you have taken."

"Dear Paul—husband," she added shyly, "if you will be patient with my shortcomings and help me, I am sure I never shall."

Presently the children returned. Eric (who had been sent back five days ago, with full instructions to Matilda, anent the reception, etc., of Mrs. Clavering) was delighted to see his friend again, and, kissing her vehemently, called her his "own, dear, new mamma." The twins, aged seven, and known in their own family circle as "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee," were shy and awkward, cautiously reserving their judgment on the lady until they had become better acquainted. Little Doris, the baby of three, jumped at once into Cynthia's lap, and, after gazing fixedly at her for some minutes, exclaimed:

"Your hair is pittier than Matilda's." Then, after a little pause, "Have 'oo bought us any sweeties?"

Cynthia kissed the child, and felt comforted.

Thus ended the first day in her new home, and Mrs. Clavering was not at all sorry it was over.

The first few weeks of her married life were by no means a time of unmixed joy to Cynthia. All was so new and strange to her. She made many mistakes and suffered many deprivations. The twins were a terrible trial to her, and still stood aloof. Were it not for the great love she bore her husband, she must have sometimes succumbed. But never a word of regret or complaint passed her lips. She made the house pretty with knickknacks and flowers, and bestowed especial care upon the garden. Money was sometimes very scarce, and,



unknown to Paul, she had parted with several pieces of jewellery in order to meet household requirements. Once, and once only, did she break down before Paul. They had been married just six months, and Matilda was away for her holiday. Cynthia and the little kitchen maid divided the work of the house between them. That day Mrs. Clavering volunteered to cook the dinner, and spent a hot and unsatisfactory morning in the kitchen. She had wasted a good deal of material, and more time, and the whole thing was a dismal failure. Then, in the afternoon, the twins got into mischief, and returned home late, with dirty faces and torn clothes. Doris had the toothache, and complained and cried incessantly; and, to crown all, Paul had been out all day, and did not return till eleven o'clock. When he got home, Cynthia was sitting in the dining-room, with flushed face and burning eyes, darning away, as if for her life, and a huge pile of stockings still in front of her.

"What," exclaimed Paul cheerfully, "still sitting up? Why didn't you go to bed, dear?"

His cheerful, and, to her thinking, unsympathetic tones, jarred upon her; it was the last straw, and she burst into tears.

"Dear love," he said, gently taking her in his arms and tenderly kissing her, "you are over-tired, over-worked, and I was selfish not to notice it before. We must try and manage a change for you soon."

"I don't want a change, Paul," she sobbed, "I am perfectly well and happy; only sometimes," she went on, drying her eyes, "I feel as if I were more of a burden than a comfort to you, I make so many stupid mistakes."

"You must never think that again, Cynthia," said Paul gravely; "you are the light of my life, my great joy and comfort."

"Oh! Paul," she whispered, "how I love you, and how good you are to me." Once more he kissed her, then, crossing to the other side of the room, took up his violin and commenced "The Reverie"—that first piece she had heard him play. The sweet, sad notes entered her very soul, and, as he meant they

should, brought comfort, peace, and joy.

Next morning the behaviour of the twins was mysterious. They avoided, in a marked manner, their stepmother. They were both seen to leave the house with a curious parcel, and later on to return to it, still with a parcel, but that of a somewhat different shape. Then they locked themselves in the nursery, and Tweedledum came out with ink smeared on his face and hands. The climax of the mystery was reached when they both knocked at Cynthia's door, and, on being told to enter, came in solemnly holding a parcel between them. This, without a word, they deposited in Cynthia's lap. Then, as they left the room, the feelings of Tweedledee got the better of him, and he burst into tears. Pinned to the little parcel was a letter, much smudged and blotted. Cynthia eagerly opened it and read as follows:—

"Dear Mama,

"As you cud not ete yore diner and had a hed ake we give you Jack and hope you will like him. We are glad you is our Mama.

"Dum and Dee."

Cynthia unfolded the paper, and beheld the carcase of a rabbit, skinned and trussed ready for the table.

She afterwards learnt that the twins had taken one of their three rabbits to the butcher, and had asked him to kill it and get it ready for eating. In this way did Tweedledum and Tweedledee surrender, and they were ever after Cynthia's loyal, loving little friends.

Thus a year passed, and all this time no word or message had reached Cynthia from her parents. At times she felt it cruelly, but Paul never knew the dark hours she passed through. Her health, too, was not so good as it had been. The cheap food, hard work, and worry were all telling on her. Once, on her brother's marriage, she had written home, begging for forgiveness. But no answer was vouchsafed to her. Sometimes, too, the longing for her old life was strong upon her. But she had many compensations, and her love for Paul increased daily.

One morning, in the summer holidays, Cynthia and the children were in the garden. They were playing hide and



seek, and she was making a little frock for Doris. Presently their neighbour, Bobby Smith, came running in to tell them a grand circus with a band was passing through the town. They all, including baby Doris, ran off to see the show. Ten minutes later Cynthia heard the music approaching, and went herself into the front garden to watch the procession. First came the band, with its crowd of attendant children, amongst which she easily descried her own four. As they neared the house, a pair of horses attached to a brewer's dray became frightened at the noise, and set off at a sharp pace down the road.

Doris at this moment caught sight of her mother, and started to run across the road. Cynthia, seeing the danger, rushed out to save her. A scream, a confused murmur of shrieks and sobs, and Cynthia was picked up, bleeding

and unconscious, from the centre of the road. Doris was safe, a little cut on the forehead being the only sign of the awful danger she had passed through. They carried the woman into the house, and sent for her husband. It was quite hopeless from the first; her legs were both broken, and she had other dreadful injuries. Mercifully paralysis set in.

At last she opened her eyes, and the doctor, seeing she was conscious, told her the child was safe.

"Thank God!" she murmured, "she was Paul's favourite." Then with a great effort, turning her eyes upon the doctor, she asked how long she had to live. Dr. King, having known her for some time, judged it best to tell her the truth.

"Perhaps twelve hours," he answered.

"Give me," said the feeble voice, "some stimulant to keep me conscious



for an hour, and then send my husband to me."

The doctor did as she desired, and Paul entered the room.

"Come nearer to me, Paul, I can't see you; give me your dear hand—so—now kiss me, Paul, and tell me, once again, you love me." He bent over her, and tenderly, lingeringly, laid his lips on hers.

"Oh, my dearest, I love you," he murmured brokenly, "never better than at this moment. My brave wife, how proud I am of you."

"That is so good to hear," she answered softly, "it almost—no, not quite—makes me content to go."

He bowed his head, and one big, deep sob, shook his whole being. She stroked his hair and continued:

"Darling, you've been so good, so patient with me; and, Paul, though I've been stupid sometimes, I have tried to make you a good wife. But I've often been cross with the children when they tore their clothes, for you know, dear," she added with a smile, "I never could bear darning stockings."

She stopped and reached her hand out for the medicine at her side.

"Dear one," he sobbed, "I cannot, cannot let you go. Life will be so blank without you."

"Dear, you have the children," she said. "And, Paul, you must sell all my jewellery and trinkets, and then Eric can go to college." He could not answer, but merely pressed her hand. For a few minutes there was silence in the room. Through the open window came the scent of mignonette, and the sound of the bees at work. A great bar of sunlight fell across the bed, and lovingly touching her hair, made of it a golden halo.

"Paul," she murmured, her voice now being scarcely above a whisper, "I want you to come on my birthday and bring some roses from the tree we planted together last year; they will be in flower by then, and you must put them on my grave yourself."

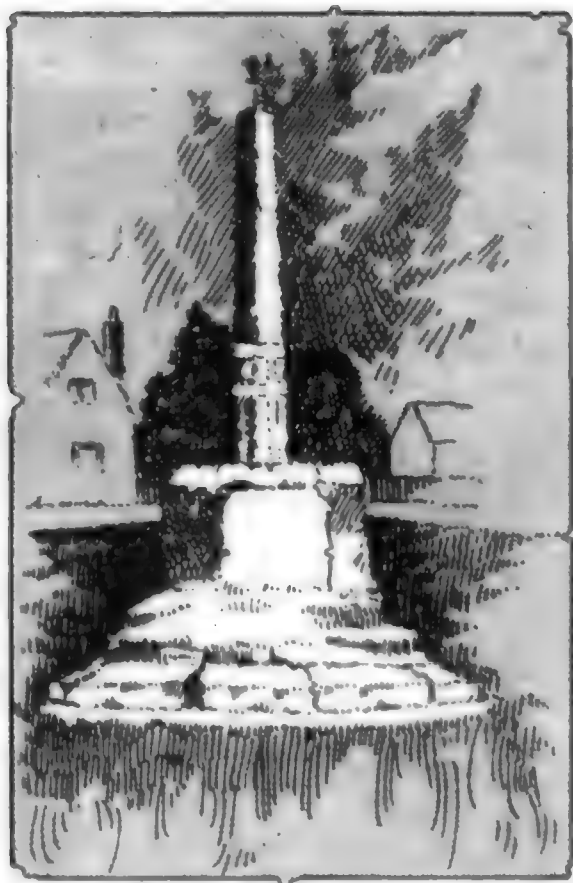
Still he could not answer, but mutely kissed her hand.

With an effort she continued:

"And now, Paul, play me 'The Reverie' once more, it will help me."

"He rose as one in a dream, and, reaching down his violin from its accustomed place, commenced to play. Never had he made such music, never would he make such music again; and, as the last sweet notes sobbed themselves into silence, the spirit of Cynthia Clavering passed out into the unknown."





CROSS ON MERIDEN GREEN

## *Some Remarkable Landmarks*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

**A**LTHOUGH the popular sport of cycling has of late greatly fostered the interest taken by the average Britisher in the topographical features of his native land, nevertheless, the past ages have not been wanting in enthusiasts, who, by their ardour in erecting landmarks, have succeeded through many ages in preserving the boundaries of their parish or county.

As many cyclists are aware, two miles east of Moreton-in-the-Marsh and in the parish of Chastleton, there is a four-

sided stone nine feet high, called the Four Shire Stone, which not only records the meeting-place of the counties of Oxford, Gloucester, Worcester and Warwick, but also serves as a memorial of a great battle fought between Canute and Edmund Ironside in 1016. At the exact spot where the three counties of Gloucester, Somerset and Wilts meet in the neighbourhood of Bath, a similar record stands in the shape of a cromlech, erected within a comparatively recent date by a Sergeant Wrangham, who desired to perpetuate the place of union.

The irregular conformation of England renders it a matter of some difficulty to arrive at the exact centre of the country, consequently there are several reputed centres, but in all probability the actual centre is to be found in the little village of Meriden, in Warwickshire, on the Coventry and Birmingham road: there, on the green in the centre of the village, stands a stone cross which is said to be the very hub of England. A very strong rival to the cross is an old oak tree that stands about ten miles to the south-east of Meriden, in the neighbourhood of Leamington and on the road to Kenilworth; whilst some there are who are confident that the only true centre is High Cross, a place on the border of Leicester and Warwick, and five miles north-west of Lutterworth. At this spot Watling Street and the Fosse Way intersect each other, and as the name suggests, a high cross once stood here, which afterwards gave place to a beacon post for alarming the country in case of invasion.

On the road from Northwich to Middlewich and about a couple of miles from Davenham, stand the remains of a once noble oak now held together by



OAK TREE ON THE LEAMINGTON ROAD



THIS TREE STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE COUNTY OF CHESTER

metal bands. This tree bears a brass plate which states that the spot it stands upon is the centre of the County of Chester. It is difficult to understand how this assertion was arrived at, but it is an undoubted fact that if we take the site of the tree as a centre and draw a circle having a radius of about sixteen miles, the circumference of the circle touches the county borders at several places.

Topographically speaking, there is no place of worship more strangely situated than the old chapel-of-ease at Tunbridge Wells. Part of the edifice stands in Kent and part in Sussex: the vestry is in the parish of Frant (Sussex), the altar in the parish of Tunbridge (Kent), whilst the pulpit is also in Kent but in the parish of Speldhurst.

A gentleman named Raynes, who died at a great age some little time ago, was in the habit of giving his address as "No. 1, Yorkshire," which at first sounds a trifle vague, but is not so inapt when we learn that he lived in the first house on the Great North Road, after passing into Yorkshire from Notting-

hamshire. If the worthy miller of Uhrigmohle-le-Bliesmengen chose to follow the example set him by the Yorkshireman he could insist on his postal address being "No. 1, Bavaria-Prussia-Lorraine," for those three territories touch one another in his domain; to be exact, the line of demarcation is in his kitchen. The occupant of the house cannot really say if he is a Bavarian, a Prussian, or an inhabitant of Lorraine, but he is sure he sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia, and works in the "lost province." The situation of this house suggests great possibilities in the way of evading taxes, which recalls the fact that quite recently it was discovered, on the occasion of the bounds of a South

London parish being "beaten," that the occupants of several houses had never paid rates, the respective sets of officials of the parishes on whose boundary the houses were built, each thinking that the other collected them. In contradistinction to this happy state of affairs, it is alleged that a Gloucestershire farmer, whose two hundred acres are distributed over twelve parishes, has the felicity of being rated by fifty different authorities, which must be something of a record. Of London houses, No. 11, Queen Victoria Street excels all others in the number of parishes in which it stands, no less than six converging to a point within its precincts.





# *Ceylon : Past and Present*

WRITTEN BY GODFREY BOSVILE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

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## PAST

**P**ERHAPS it is indiscreet to attempt such a giant task as turning public opinion, when wrong, into a right channel. Yet, travellers are compelled to admit that, so far as they are aware, "spicy breezes" do not "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."

As a matter of fact, the climate in those tropical parts is muggy — extremely enervating; the place is like a hot-house — an exquisitely picturesque hot-house.

But, whether viewed from an historian's, a planter's, or a traveller's point of view, the island of Ceylon has a special claim upon our attention.

Let us dip into Cinghalese ancient history in a superficial way. Then call upon a planter; and very likely the student will raise no objections if we refresh his memory with a stray quotation from the intellectual Hæckel's writings on this subject, or quote statistics — not, however, to a very alarming extent. In 543 B.C., Wijaya, a prince from Northern India, is generally supposed to have invaded Ceylon, and conquered its native rulers. In all, no fewer than 170 kings and queens caused joy, or more frequently sorrow, to their Sinhalese subjects — frequently spelt Cinghalese by residents.

For two thousand years the native capital was Kandy, a pestilential town in the centre of the island. The Kandyan monarchy had many "ups and downs." Their greatest warrior rejoiced in the name of Prákrama Báhu. He conquered States in Southern India, and made the King of Cambodia his vassal; this was in the twelfth century.

Unhappily for the Sinhalese, they were disturbed by a Chinese army in the fifteenth century. The King of Kandy was made captive, and sent off to China, and his army was completely routed.

The Tamils — they lived in Southern India — were nearly always at war with the Sinhalese, and eventually they gained possession of the northern part of Ceylon.

In 1505 the Portuguese ruled supreme on the coast; and were in their turn routed by the Dutch in 1656, who were superseded by the old East India Company in 1797.

In 1802 Ceylon became an English "Crown Colony;" and in 1815 Wikrama Sinha was deposed. He was perhaps the cruellest, and was certainly the last, of the long dynasty of Kandyan kings.

## PRESENT

Ceylon, being a tiny edition of India, is useful for Government experimental reforms. The island is six times smaller

than Ireland; or, in other words, it is 25,742 square miles.

Now, whoever has visited the Isle of

Wight must be well aware that the place seems almost a toy in comparison with England. Well, so it is with India and Ceylon; the latter is only a gigantic tea-garden to the Indian planter's mind. This is worth remembering, because people who have not lived an Oriental life, can hardly understand that Ceylon has different scenery, different kind of planters, different laws, language and peoples, from India.

So necessary is it to accentuate this, that the reader must understand, life in

in an unscientific way before the sway of the Portuguese and Dutch; but the latter, though more successful than the former, were very poor planters—considered from the standard of nineteenth century experience. Under English rule, the industry advanced with leaps and bounds, rapid fortunes were acquired, and planters raced, drank champagne, and, to use a vulgar, though homely expression, "lived on the fat of the land." Many coffee growers recklessly lived up to, and even



A TEA PLANTATION

Ceylon differs as widely from life in India as Irish or Scotch life does from English.

Having once mastered this fact, we will proceed to an important epoch in the commercial history of the island, viz., the coffee boom, which preceded the now famous tea industry.

The planting of coffee was carried on

above, their incomes, apparently forgetting that a "day of reckoning" might come. Surely enough, it came with a vengeance; for in 1869 the Coffee Leaf Disease made its appearance, as every planter knew to his cost, for the leaf disease spelt ruination.

When the staple industry of a prosperous colony is suddenly brought to

a standstill, trade paralysed, credit upset, the panic in the towns, as well as in the country, can be easily understood.

Ceylon rallied from the cruel blow, and at length wisely determined to grow tea. Many of the older planters were hopelessly ruined; coffee growers, who had been accustomed to spend several thousand pounds a year, gladly accepted clerkships. But the tea planters had learnt a lesson from those who had previously cultivated the soil. They became less lavish in their expenditure, worked harder, and although they did not make fortunes so rapidly, still, tea, properly looked after, paid well.

Such is, briefly, the history of the varying fortunes of Ceylon. "Paddy," or rice, cultivation is the favourite occupation of the native, who clings to the livelihood which his forefathers chose—from Hobson's choice. Yet, growing rice is not so profitable as growing coffee, tea, cocoanuts, coarse tobacco, areca nuts, cotton; jaggery palm, for sago, sugar, and toddy wine. The cinchona trade is most flourishing, and so, in a lesser degree, is the plumbago; and since the financial crash brought on by the "Leaf Disease," coffee has "looked up" considerably. But it may safely be said that tea is now the chief export of the island.

Ceylon has a dangerous coast, and is badly off for harbours. The island is pear-shaped.

Trincomalee has accommodation for a large fleet, but it is in an unhealthy district. So, "Nature having failed" to assist commerce, "Art stepped in"; and at enormous cost the Colombo breakwater was constructed.

The native fishing craft is a canoe, which does not appear so safe as it really is. Yet the Cinghalese are good sailors. With great nimbleness they crawl on to the wooden log, which is lashed to a couple of spars; this is known as "a one man's breeze." When the wind blows harder, in order to prevent the canoe capsizing, another man goes out, and joins his companion on the log; the weather then is ungrammatically termed "a two man's breeze."

Why these black fishermen are not devoured by sharks, as they dangle their legs in the water, is a solemn mystery to the European!

The Grand Oriental Hotel, at Colombo, is one of the best hotels in the East. Those who are fond of studying the characters of their fellow-creatures—either white, black, or half-caste—have ample opportunity, when reclining in the comfortable lounge chairs which are placed in its cool verandahs. They will meet Indian, Australian, Japanese, and Chinese passengers, and exchange ideas.

But the person who merely visits Colombo for a few hours, or drives to Mount Lavinia, and perhaps runs up by rail to Kandy, must not imagine that he, or she, has seen the best side of Ceylon, although, on the journey up, much information may be gleaned, and a glimpse of "paddy" irrigation obtained.

Let us now visit the Planter, and regard him from a purely unprejudiced point of view. In the first place—it may sound coarse, but is nevertheless true—he eats, and sometimes drinks, a great deal too much. In the words of the German naturalist, Hæckel, this is how the Ceylon planter fares:—

"In the morning, immediately on rising, tea and biscuits, bread, eggs or marmalade, banana, mangos, pine-apples and other fruit."

At ten comes breakfast—according to German notions, a complete dinner, with three or four courses: fish, roast fowls, beef-steaks, and, more especially, curry, and rice, the national Indian dish, is never absent. This curry is prepared in many ways from spices of various kinds, with small pieces of vegetables, or meat, making a highly-flavoured compound. Tiffin, at one o'clock, is a third meal of tea or beer, with cold meat, bread, butter, and jam. Many persons take tea or coffee again at three or four o'clock; and finally, at half-past seven or eight, comes the great event of the day—dinner, of four to six courses, like a great dinner in Europe: soup, fish, several dishes of meat, curry, and rice again, and various sweet dishes and fruits. With this several kinds of wine are drunk—sherry, claret, and champagne, or strong beer imported

from England. Latterly, however, the light and far wholesomer Vienna beer has been introduced.

In many houses, some portion of these superabundant meals is dispensed with; but in general the living in India and Ceylon must be condemned as too luxurious and too rich, particularly if we compare it with the frugal diet common in the South of Europe. This is quite the view of many of the older residents, who are themselves exceptions to the rule; and, living very simply, have nevertheless spent twenty or thirty years in the tropics in unbroken good health.

The hospitality of the Ceylon planter is notorious; yet the "new chum," or visitor, is struck by the harsh manner of the white master towards the station coolies, who are treated little better than slaves. Here is an instance, by no means exaggerated:—

A Tamil had shouldered a heavy Gladstone bag, and had run with it a distance of thirty miles up-hill. At the end of the journey he asked a "new chum" an exorbitant remuneration, namely, one shilling and sixpence in English money. This sum was cheerfully given. But somehow or other, the planter discovered that the carrier had received more than he ought to have done; and the Tamil had to return the money, and was then given sixpence—also a sound thrashing with a heavy hunting-crop, loaded with lead. Further, that deceitful Tamil was upbraided by the planter with the fact—or fiction—that "his black mother and father were thieves"; also "his grandfather and grandmother were villains of the deepest dye," and so on, unto countless generations.

Later on, that Ceylon planter defended his conduct by saying, "All blacks lie and thieve; and if you do not deal firmly with them, they will have no respect for you. Besides, they do not feel like white people"—which is a comforting belief to those who have more tender consciences.

Another similar case may be mentioned:—One evening a tea planter in the Matale district, near the centre of the island, heard a rustling noise. He rightly guessed that somebody was

moving about who had no business to do so, and promptly fired a gun, chancing whether anybody was killed by such a casual proceeding. There was subsequently a yell of pain, but whether or not the trespasser was fatally wounded or badly peppered, the Matale planter "neither knew nor cared," to use his own expression.

The Cinghalese are certainly an effeminate race, but are singularly suitable for clerks, and make excellent indoor servants. The estimate Hæckel formed of their character is hardly flattering. When he resided amongst them he wrote, "They are much given to cheating and cunning, and are, above all, liars of the first proficiency. On the other hand, they are not addicted to deeds of violence; assault and manslaughter are very rare, and robbing and murder quite exceptional. They seldom display strong passions of any kind, their temperament being, on the whole, decidedly phlegmatic." We see no reason to differ from Hæckel.



A CINGHALESE GENTLEMAN WITH HIS HAIR UP



A CINGHALESE GENTLEMAN WITH HIS HAIR DOWN

The Cinghalese men allow their hair to grow as long as Nature permits—that is to say, down to their waists. They dexterously twist it up into a chignon, and give a finishing touch to their toilet by inserting a large tortoise-shell comb, as seen in illustration.

To archæologists and travellers, Ceylon is exceedingly interesting on account of the ancient ruins of Anurádhapura and Polonnáruwa. Undoubtedly those cities, now overgrown with wild tropical foliage, were built for an enormous population, who were accustomed to a high state of civilisation.

The "globe-trotter," or the Anglo-Indian invalid, will find a second Simla in Nuwara Eliya, the sanatorium of Ceylon, up amongst the hills.

The bicyclist will find excellent roads in many parts of the island; and although the heat is trying, and "scorching" out of the question, in the bicyclist's sense of the word, a bike-

ride is preferable to travelling in the wretched native conveyances, drawn by humped bullocks or jaded ponies. Those unfortunate animals get their tails screwed, and their hind-quarters perpetually lashed, by the heartless natives, who torture but do not kill, for they are Buddhists.

Big-game hunters have always found Ceylon a horrid place to shoot in, and expeditions costly. Wild elephants are scarce.

Planters are not so keen about polo as they are in India; nor is racing quite as popular; yet those sports find patrons. Europeans do a good deal of "hacking" on Pegu ponies, and also on the more expensive Australian "Walers."

Lawn-tennis is a favourite game, played on an asphalt court. Labour being ridiculously cheap, according to European ideas, each player has a "boy" to hand him balls when it is his turn to "serve."

But let us regard Ceylon in a residential light. There is much to be said for and against it. As a general rule, of course, nobody lives in the East from choice. So it is worth while to ask, Are investments safer in Ceylon than in other tropical places, such as India, Java, etc.? And is the climate less trying? Is living cheaper; and are social gaieties more attractive than elsewhere? These are most important considerations, and deeply concern ladies, bachelors, and married men.

As a matter of fact, these questions are extremely awkward ones to answer. For a successful tea grower in India believes in the vast Indian Empire, and does not speak very highly of Ceylon, and *vice versa*. Probably, there is little to choose between the two, if money is judiciously invested in either place.

As regards climate in Ceylon, why, its name is legion. Up in the hills, absolutely fires are necessary; whilst in the low country, the atmosphere is damp, and malarial fever is prevalent; and if a person is subject to liver complaints, his life will be a burden to him. On the other hand, when the white settler gets acclimatised, he often solemnly declares that he feels healthier than ever he did "at home," and fre-



quently remarks that "a planter's life is an ideal one," especially when the funds permit a change, such as a sea voyage, once every three years.

Still, life up-country is a trifle monotonous. The daily routine consists of a "muster-roll" at daybreak, innumerable meals, riding round the large estate, interviewing the heads of the Tamil gangs of coolies, punishing those who shirk their work, inspecting the tea factory, superintending packing cases, posting entries into cash books and ledgers, reading the local and English newspapers, playing tennis, occasionally flirting, invariably smoking, and now and again dining out, or attending a gymkhana.

But the happiness of a European in Ceylon largely depends on the income he is making, and most assuredly on his health, and on his capacity for enjoyment, when neighbours are few and far between. The island is so peacefully governed that there is not the remotest likelihood of a native rising. Yet the first few months spent in districts where a few white men govern a large number of blacks is rather trying to the nerves. The "new chum," or traveller, is puzzled when neither the Tamils nor Cinghalese resent the domineering planters, who are more autocratic than the present Czar of all the Russias. In Kandy, Colombo, or towns less familiar to European ears, there is an ever-increasing trade. There are fewer slaves to society than there are in India. The native names are rather interesting, and are most difficult to catch. Here are just a few of them; they usually end in A:—

Wahamatgattewewa.  
Karuppaddimurippu.  
Issambasagala.  
Ahuliyadda.  
Dachchihalmillewa.  
Vavuniyavilankulam.

No island in the world can boast of a population more varied; because in England we are Protestants, and are mostly white people. In Ceylon, however, every colour and creed seems to be fairly well represented. The majority are Buddhists, mostly Cinghalese.



TAMIL WOMAN, SHOWING NOSE RING AND HEAVY SILVER EAR ORNAMENTS

The Brahmins are mostly Tamils.

" Mohammedans	"	Moormen.
" Roman Catholics	"	Europeans.
" Protestants are	"	"

There are also Veddahs, the primitive inhabitants, who are rarely seen. They live on roots, and inhabit caves, and are about the nearest approach to the "missing link."

It really would be more difficult to say what breeds are *not* to be met with in Colombo than what *are*, for chattering their native languages are Malays, Afghans, Negroes, Dutch, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese, many of whom show evidence of "black blood." Only, perhaps, in Port Said are representatives of every race more frequently met with.

To state that the scenery of Ceylon is beautiful, even for a tropical climate, seems tame. It has long been the custom to say so, and it is more or less true. Yet each year fresh forest land is cleared, which undoubtedly detracts

from the island's former beauty, for a tea or coffee plantation cannot be termed beautiful by any lover of the picturesque.

We must remember that Ceylon scenery is better known to the more venturesome "globe-trotters" than parts of South America, where orchids grow in lovely spots, fatal to the health of a European. Probably this is the explanation why the Cinghalese jungle

has been slightly overrated—because it has been judged by admirers of Nature who have known no other standard of comparison.

Be this as it may, the feathery palm is exquisitely graceful, whether growing above the bungalow at Colombo—where "Arabi the Blest" spent the last years of his life in exile—or in other tropical regions seldom trodden by the feet of man.



# *Glass Staining of the Present Day*

WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE BACON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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**N**OW much our cathedrals and churches owe to their stained glass we could only know if, by some dire disaster, they should suddenly be bereft of it. But those who have wandered among our noble minsters and abbeys with "storied windows richly dight," those who have watched the mid-day sunbeams stealing subdued and softened through the blazoned panes, and falling in rich splashes of gold and ruby on the walls and pavement, those who know the wondrous difference that only one well-coloured window will make in a bare, new, glaring church, can realise what an all-important part stained glass plays in ecclesiastical architecture, to say nothing of the many public halls and other secular buildings that it beautifies and enriches.

And yet, perhaps, there are few of the fine arts less understood than ornamental window-making, and few processes of which so little comparatively is known. Possibly the reason of this ignorance is because glass-staining, as an art, has only of recent years begun to occupy once more that proud position it held many centuries ago and then lost so completely for so long. Of the windows of the last century, and the first half of this, the less said the better, while even in the present day, as we have often too much reason to deplore, public taste in many cases is still at low ebb, and by cheaper processes and inferior artists crude works are produced that are but poor compliment to our modern culture. Still, for those who desire and appreciate the higher art, there are no lack of artists from

whom all that is best in this most important branch of decoration can be procured.

It was by the courteous consent of Mr. T. F. Curtis, the talented representative of the well-known firm of Ward and Hughes, of Frith Street, Soho, that I was enabled, a short while ago, to pay a visit to an establishment where some of the finest windows and some of the most skilled work of the present day are produced. And in the course of several hours, most pleasantly spent, I was privileged to see and understand, in some measure, the inner workings of this wondrous art, of which it can safely be said that, through the application to it of modern methods and modern knowledge, it now occupies a higher position than it ever before attained to.

Of course, the first step towards the making of a stained glass window is the choosing of the subject; and here, at the outset, arises one of the greatest difficulties. It must be, as far as possible, original, appropriate to its situation, and in keeping with the building in which it is to be placed; it must also be adapted to the shape and size of the window itself. It is in the conceiving and carrying out of a large design that the artistic power and treatment of the glass stainer is chiefly proved, while at the same time, in the large space afforded him, he has the best opportunity of displaying his skill. Perhaps one of the finest windows erected of late years is a huge seven-light window in Heckington Church, of which the main subject is the "Te Deum," while the tracery contains nearly the whole of the "Benedicite."

This great work was two years in the making, and is rightly considered by Messrs. Ward and Hughes as their *chef d'œuvre*.

But in the choice of a subject, other, beside artistic qualities, are frequently demanded; the designer has to receive, and in many cases to combat, the suggestions of those by whom windows are being commissioned. Only too often these suggestions show a lamentable lack of taste and a total absence of all sense of what is fitting and appropriate; and here the display of much judgment and tact is required. The representatives of glass-staining firms alone know what terrible proposals are made to them by people contemplating memorials to lost relations, and what a difficult and sometimes impossible task it is to modify their wishes.

The subject at length agreed upon, the design has now to be drawn. This, it is needless to say, is the work of a true artist, and one who, by long years of labour and study, has cultivated and perfected the gift he must originally possess. Much historical and antiquarian knowledge, too, is often called for. In one of his recent designs, Mr. Curtis told me he had to spend hours at the British Museum hunting among ancient tomes for the representation of St. Ninian, a local worthy whose figure was required for a particular window.

The design is first drawn and coloured with the greatest care, to represent, on a much reduced scale, the window when completed, after which it is copied in an enlarged form the exact size it will eventually be represented. Our first illustration represents one of these working drawings or cartoons as they are styled, where all detail is put in very carefully which will ultimately be represented upon the glass.

The outline is faithfully rendered, the colour indicated, and the "leading" accurately marked. It is unnecessary to remind our readers that stained glass windows are not composed of large panes as ordinary casements, but of an intricate patchwork of small fragments of glass of all conceivable shapes, neatly fitted together and held in place by

thin strips of lead, the reason for which will be shortly apparent.

On the top of this working cartoon a sheet of transparent linen is now spread, and the outline of the leading is traced through with Indian ink. This is then handed over to the glass cutter, who, spreading it on his bench, lays his glass upon it, and with his diamond cuts each piece to its required shape. And now we see the reason of the small fragments, for as the design is painted



THE CARTOON

with different colours, so the window is made with different coloured glasses, and the leading is, of course, where the pieces join. For example, the robe of a figure will be of one shade, the sleeve of another, the border of another, while the face and hands will be flesh-tinted, so that the whole will be composed of a quantity of pieces of different glass of shapes depending upon the figure, its pose and drapery, and in number corresponding to the colours employed.

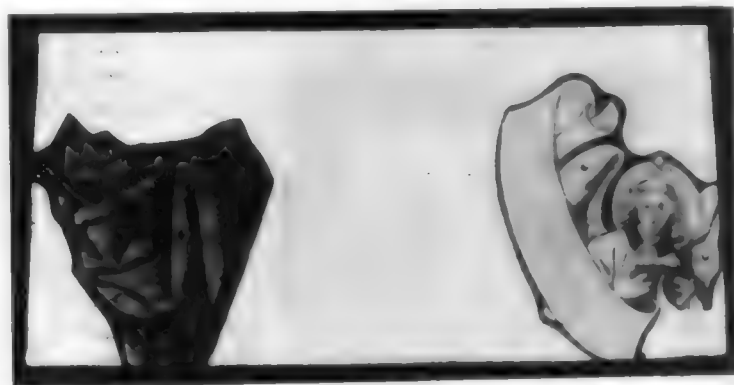
And here a word about the glass itself. It is satisfactory, indeed, to learn that however much we suffer from foreign competition, however much we fall behind other nations in different manufactures, in glass, at any rate, we hold our own, and our glass works yet stand unrivalled in the world. One of the best known English firms is Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, and it is from them that a great deal of the coloured glass employed for stained windows is obtained. The glass is hard and thick, and uniformly tinted throughout, that is to say, the colour extends through its whole substance. But there is one exception to this rule. The colouring matter for ruby glass is of so intense a nature that a pane of ordinary thickness coloured in the usual manner would appear perfectly black, since no light could penetrate it. To reduce the thickness of the sheet would obviously render it very liable to be broken, and so recourse has to be had to what is technically known as "flashing," which, in other words, means that a thin "veneer" of red glass is superimposed on the ordinary white, and the whole fused together so as to appear as one substance.

When the different pieces have all been cut out they are fitted together after the fashion of a dissecting puzzle. The bold outlines are then marked on them, after which they pass into the hands of the painters, who by means of beeswax attach them to ground glass easels set against the light, which shines through them in a subdued fashion, and

with brush and mahl-stick commence their task.

It may be news to some of our readers that, with only one exception, the glass-stainer applies no colour to his glass. The exception is gold. By the admixture of yellow lake with virgin silver, dissolved in nitric acid, a pigment is obtained which, under great heat, forms a gold deposit on the glass, and in this manner the various shades of yellow are produced. Otherwise, the gorgeous colouring of a window is due solely to the coloured glass of which it is composed, and not to any paint applied by the artist.

What, however, the painter does do is to shade, figure, and modulate the colouring by placing upon it a neutral tinted pigment, and in this way, from a crude patchwork of vivid colours to evolve the lovely features, flowing drapery and delicate modelling of the saints and angels that decorate our churches. That great skill and artistic attainment is requisite in this branch of art goes without saying, and the effects that can be produced with simple means are very wonderful. In the left-hand corner of the accompanying illustration is shown a piece of a window which represents the elaborately folded drapery of a garment. When it came into the painter's hands it was merely a piece of greenish-white glass; under his deft touch it has assumed its present shape. He first covered it over thickly with his semi-opaque, greyish pigment, which is composed of manganese or oxide of iron, mixed with a certain amount of silica, known technically as its "flux." He



TWO STAGES OF PAINTING



then proceeds with skilled touch to take some of this off again, removing it entirely from the high lights, leaving a thick layer in the dark shadows, and cunningly modulating it for every intermediate shade of the folds. It will thus be seen that here the usual work of a painter is reversed, and the artist's skill is required in removing the paint instead of putting it on. The other piece of work in the same photograph shows the opposite process. Here an angel's head in preparatory outline is being painted on to white glass.

And in this relation I may perhaps state that pure or perfectly clear white glass, properly called, is rarely employed in the glass-stainer's art. Those spotless robes and snowy wings so familiar to us on "storied panes," when viewed closely, are not white at all, but very distinct tones of greenish or yellowish white, yet, seen at a distance against a brilliant light, they give the appearance of pure white. Were really white glass employed the effect, I was informed, would be that of a hole in the window.

Painting the glass gives employment for a great deal of skilled labour, in which too there exist grades of proficiency. The man working at the



PAINTING ON THE EASELS

table in the accompanying picture is painting the angel's head previously referred to, the two at work on the easels are engaged on the drapery, the man nearest, who by the way is deaf and dumb, being specially proficient at the "jewelling" of the rich robes. Highest of all in the scale are the artists who paint the flesh and draw the faces of the larger figures, in many cases really portraits. Needless to say, the flesh painter is an artist of real talent. His knowledge of anatomy must be unquestionable, his touch delicate and effective, his angels' faces must be beautiful and spiritual, his biblical characters appropriate, and worthy of those they represent. Often he has to embody in the subject the face of the departed to whom the window is erected, and from old and indifferent photographs to produce portraits, idealised to suit the surroundings, yet sufficiently like to be recognisable to the friends. And in all this he is denied many of the facilities which the portrait painter on canvas or paper can use, while from the nature of his limitations all such finer colouring as blue eyes, rosy cheeks and lips is debarred him.



PAINTING AN ANGEL'S HEAD

The painting complete, the



LEADING

glass is next placed in a kiln and burnt. By subjecting it for many hours to great heat the "flux" in the pigment fuses, and the colouring matter thus becomes an integral part of the glass itself. The kilns, which in Frith Street are in the basement of the building, contain a number of shelves in which, on a thick and perfectly flat layer of powdered whitening, the glass is laid. The flames from the furnace below play all round the box in which these shelves are, while very gradually, for fear of cracking, the heat is increased until all is red-hot. The fire is then drawn and the kilns allowed to slowly cool, which takes many hours. Great nicety and exactness, only gained by long experience, is required in this part of the work. If the glass is under-burnt the pigment is not properly fused and can still be scratched off with the finger-nail; if over-done it is burnt away, and the glass, to use Mr. Curtis's expression, "resembles toffee."

However, once safely out of the kiln the work is well-nigh over, and it only remains to collect the pieces, and, by means of the specially made grooved lead, to fasten the whole together. The picture shows a workman with curiously-shaped solder-iron, engaged in this last process. The window is then carefully packed for transit and finally erected in the church it is henceforward to adorn.

It was during my visit to Frith Street that an opportunity was afforded me of contrasting the stained glass of the present day with the much-vaunted work of by-gone ages. It so happened that the firm were then engaged on the restoration of a very fine old window from a church in one of the midland counties, representing a "Jesse Tree" or genealogy of Christ's descent from Jesse, the figures being all represented as clothed in the dress of the period in which the glass was erected, the reign of Henry V.

Apart from its unique interest the history of the glass itself was a very curious one. After adorning the church for many generations, the window, till some forty or fifty years ago, was fairly intact, when a stranger called to see the church, and borrowed the key for some hour and a-half, when he returned it in the usual way and went his way, and it was only some time after his departure that it was discovered that many and important fragments of the famous "Jesse Tree" had departed with him, never to be heard of more.

The remaining pieces of the window were lately given over to the care of Messrs. Ward and Hughes, who, with great labour, are fitting them all together and renewing the missing bits. Some of the glass was placed in my hands, and I duly admired, as all have done, the rich yet subdued colouring common to ancient windows, and which has caused so many to declare that, with all our boasted discoveries and improvements, we have never equalled the effects that our forefathers, with their rude means, achieved, and that the secret of glass-staining is lost to the world.

But presently when I had looked, Mr. Curtis turned the fragment round and displayed to me one of the causes

of the boasted superiority. By the hand of centuries and the rains and winds of many hundred years, the outer surface of the glass had become all weathered and worn and covered with curious incrustation, to which was due the beautiful modulation of what would otherwise have been but crude colouring. Where the crust had not formed, there the glass was bald and harsh in colour, and I could well believe my informant when he told me that in nooks, where

the corners of windows have been sheltered by the masonry from the effects of the weather, the glass is found to be what in these days would be counted only gaudy and glaring.

What effect time will have upon our own recent work time alone will prove, but in the meanwhile we may rest assured that, in the hands of our modern artists, our churches and cathedrals will lose none of the glory and beauty that their stained glass has ever lent them.



# *The Wonders of the Heavens*

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM PIGOTT.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. MACFARLANE



“LOVELY starlight night!”  
“Look at the Milky Way!”  
“What a bright star!”  
“Yes, it must be Venus, I think.”

We hope we shall not be considered guilty of injustice if we suggest that the attention which most people devote to astronomy is limited by some such remarks as the above. Even the man of profound knowledge, who knows all about the revolutions of the planets and the operation of gravity, not uncommonly supposes that the whole of the celestial phenomena are comprised within the solar system. We are as jealous to-day of our sun as were the Inquisitors in the time of Galileo of their earth. We cannot conceive, we will not allow, that it is not the centre and pivot, the one supreme body of the universe. As the world has grown older we have had to put up with successive very rude shocks to the importance we originally attached to ourselves, and, in consequence, the old habit of giving paramount significance to that portion of space which we happen to occupy has been widened, but it has never been completely eradicated. The ancients drew a map of the universe and put Greece in the middle of it; in the Middle Ages they ridiculed the self-sufficiency of the Greeks and made the entire earth the centre of the universe: nowadays that position is popularly ascribed to the sun. Perhaps later there will be a disposition to magnify the particular stellar cluster to which the sun belongs.

Now, let us look at the heavens on a clear night. We see numberless points of light glittering in the black vault. Every one of those points of light is the centre of a system such as ours; in other words, it is a sun. This tremen-

dous proposition must be accepted in its literal significance. It is not a guess, it is not an hypothesis, it is one of the fundamental truths of astronomy. But we can go a step further to show the sun's insignificance. Scattered among the constellations are numerous small objects, invisible to the naked eye, known as “star clusters.” These are composed of thousands of minute dots of light, and occupy no more space in the heavens than a threepenny-piece held at arm's length. One of the most striking is the famous cluster in Hercules (Figure 1)—an object so remarkable that it has been said “no one ever saw it for the first time without uttering a shout of wonder.” Each of these tiny groups has been resolved by large telescopes into distinct stars or suns, the apparent minuteness of which is accounted for by the incredible distance separating them from our system, and which we can only suppose are each the centre of planetary revolution. Doubtless, if we could be removed by some supernatural agency into their midst, they would spread out and cover the heavens from horizon to horizon, while the stars which appear isolated to us, with the sun amongst them, would contract into another such cluster. The whole of our inconceivably vast stellar system, to an observer upon a planet revolving about one of the suns in the cluster in Hercules, is no more than “the cluster in so-and-so, an interesting telescopic object.” And yet barely three centuries have elapsed since Galileo was persecuted because he refused to allow one of the smallest satellites of one of the myriad suns to be the centre of the universe!

To arrive at some stupendous figures, however, it will be sufficient to confine ourselves to the separate stars as seen

with the unaided eye upon any clear night. These objects are so distant that until recently they defied measurement, and even now it has only been found possible to arrive at an approximate result in the case of a very few of them. It is computed that the nearest is separated from us by not less than twenty billions of miles. The brain reels in the endeavour to grasp such appalling immensity of space. If the sun with all its family of planets were to be placed at a point equally remote it would shine as a single star of the second magnitude. A very simple illustration will serve to show the difference between the distance of the stars and that of our fellow-members of the solar system, the planets. If we take the space between the sun and Neptune, the outermost of its satellites,—a space, be it understood, of nearly three thousand millions of miles—if we take that space as an inch, then the nearest of the stars is close upon two hundred yards away. We cannot show this difference by a figure, for the simple reason that it is impossible to place Neptune sufficiently close to the sun to get the nearest star upon the page. Another consideration will perhaps make the point even clearer. It is the fact that the aspect of the heavens at night as seen from any of the planets is precisely the aspect of the heavens as seen from the earth. The point around which the celestial bodies appear to wheel will differ according to the inclination of the planet's axis. But the relative positions of the stars, the form and grouping of the constellations, are the same. They see the Great Bear, they see the Milky Way, they see the magnificent constellation of Orion, as we see them.

"It must be Venus, I think," in a vast number of cases is probably Sirius, incomparably the brightest of the stars. There has been some controversy as to which of the stars is entitled to the second place among the heavenly host, but that Sirius comes first is a fact apparent on the most casual observation. It is, indeed, so much more brilliant than any of the rest that it has been given a magnitude to itself above the first. We have no means of measuring

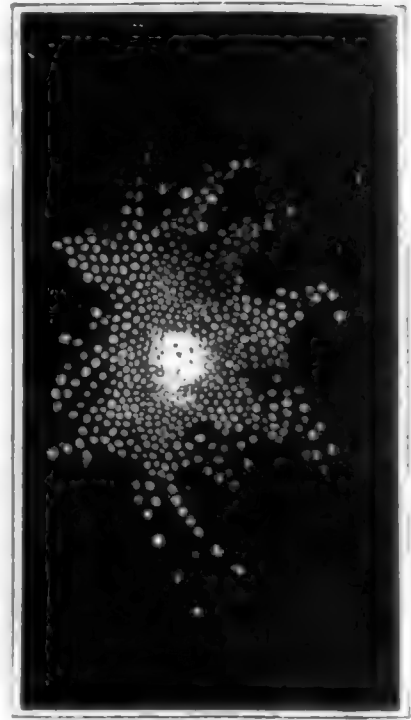


FIG. 1.—STAR CLUSTER IN HERCULES

the precise size of this glorious object, but it has been calculated to be fifty times brighter and twenty times heavier than our sun. Its position in the heavens is easy to ascertain through the proximity of the constellation Orion, a magnificent group which once it has been remarked can never afterwards be mistaken, by reason of its distinct conformation and the brilliancy of its component stars. It may be observed on winter evenings hanging above the southern horizon, by far the most brilliant group in that region of the heaven, or, indeed, in any. Its form is that of a quadrilateral of oblong shape, four bright stars occupying the four corners, while three others, equidistant and equidistant, make a straight band in the centre. We show it in the accompanying diagram (Figure 2). It will be seen that the three stars in its centre (called the "belt"), if sufficiently produced, will bring the eye to Sirius, or the "Dog-star," as it is otherwise called, a name derived from the fact that it appears to hang by the heels of Orion, wherefore the ancients dubbed it his dog. This propinquity of Orion is fortunate in another respect, since that constellation



contains two stars of the first magnitude (a select body, be it remembered, including only twenty members in the two hemispheres) and therefore affords an easy means of measuring the immense superiority of Sirius. These two stars are Betelgeuse and Rigel, situated respectively at the top left and bottom right hand corner of the quadrilateral. Above Sirius, but further from Orion, is Procyon, another star of the first magnitude; and yet another (Aldebaran) may be found by producing the belt of Orion about so far upward as we required to extend it downward

almost equally interesting, which the limits of an article such as this will not permit us to touch upon. Should anyone desire to become acquainted with them, he will find the matter far less troublesome than is popularly imagined. To the casual glance the stars appear to be strewn about the heavens with labyrinthine complexity and prodigality. In reality, there are not more than 3,000 visible at any one moment to the naked eye, including the most insignificant, and a few minutes' careful observation will resolve the principal ones into natural forms or constellations

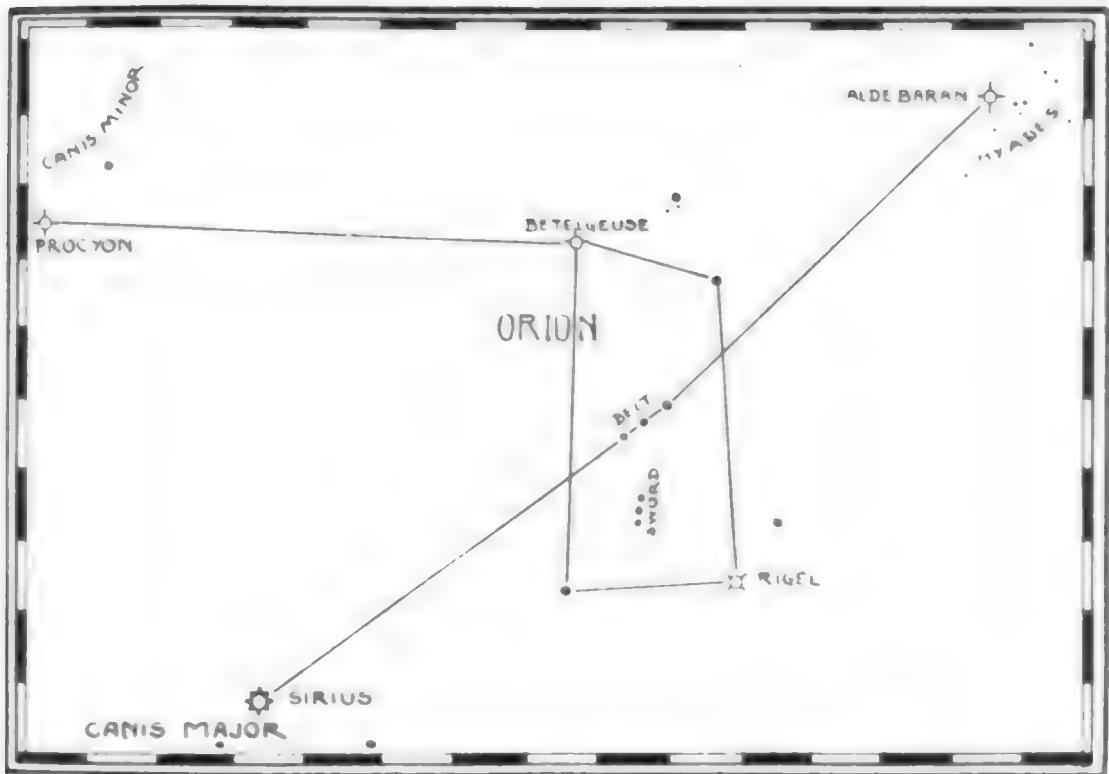


FIG. 2.—THE MOST BRILLIANT REGION OF THE HEAVENS

to find Sirius. Thus, in a comparatively small region of the heavens, we have the opportunity of observing no less than five of the elect. It is also the field in which the colours of the celestial bodies may most conveniently be contrasted. Sirius shines with a pure white light: Procyon and Rigel are also white, but less pure than Sirius; Betelgeuse and Aldebaran are the two best known red stars in the firmament.

We have selected this constellation for particular notice because it is the most striking. There are others, however,

which will fix them indelibly upon the mind. Since they are continually revolving, however, it is indispensable at the outset to be aware of the position of the Pole Star. I have known it to be supposed that this is a glorious object whose surprising splendour far transcends that of any other body in the Universe. In sober fact it is a star of the second magnitude which happens to occupy the point in the heavens to which the earth's axis is directed. By virtue of this accidental position it is unaffected by the motion of our globe,

and appears constantly at rest, the pivot round which the remainder of the heavenly host perform their stately revolutions. The precise situation of the Pole Star is also a matter upon which there is a variety of opinion abroad. Some people entertain the belief that it graces the zenith, while others expect to find it scintillating brightly just above the northern horizon. The first view would be correct could it be seen with the North Pole as a standpoint, and the second, were we to observe it from the equator. In these latitudes it occupies an intermediary position about a quarter of the distance from the zenith to the horizon, and can readily be discovered by the kindly assistance of the Great Bear, or, as it is sometimes called, the Plough. The peculiar shape of this constellation and the uniform brightness of its stars have made it perhaps the most familiar object in the heavens. We give a representation of it in Figure 3. A casual glance is sufficient to show that the two stars at its head (called the "Pointers") direct the eye almost precisely to the Pole Star. It cannot be mistaken, for there is no other of equal magnitude in the neighbourhood. When once the observer has grasped the fundamental fact that the Pole Star never changes its place, day or night, winter or summer, and that all the celestial troop wheel round it in regular procession, without varying their relative positions, he will find it easy to ascertain the whereabouts of a particular star or a particular constellation at any moment of the day or year.

In comparing the brilliancy of the stars we must not be thought to have included those members of our own family circle, the planets—bodies which are not stars at all, but dark worlds, shining by the reflected light of the sun, exactly as we should shine if seen from space. By reason of their propinquity, however, many of them are able to compete in lustre with the stars with very satisfactory results. Indeed, it has been computed that

Venus at its brightest has fifty times the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude. As everybody knows, it can only be observed during two or three hours after sunset or before sunrise. Jupiter is only inferior to Venus in brilliancy; in size, in grandeur, and, perhaps in beauty it surpasses it. There is no more elevating and emotional sight than is presented on a clear night by this glorious orb of gold, peaceful, motionless, aloof, hanging between the earth and the dancing constellations. A few people have claimed to be able to see Jupiter's moons with the naked eye, and it is said that they can certainly be detected with a good opera-glass. I admit I have frequently tried without success. Perhaps others will find they have better eyes or better glasses. The moons must not be looked for round the disc of the planet, but almost in a straight line with it. While upon the subject of opera-glasses, it may be said that there is one object in the heavens which can be more conveniently observed with an instrument of this description than by any other means. This is the familiar group of the Pleiades. We have shown how to find Aldebaran; the extension of the line from the belt of Orion, with a slight downward curve, will discover the six

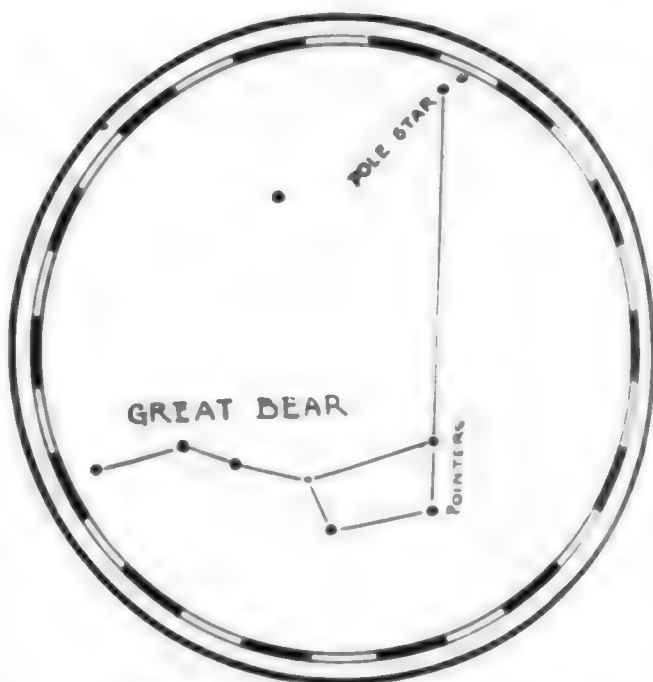


FIG. 3.—CONSTELLATION OF THE GREAT BEAR

close little stars composing this cluster. It is too wide to be got into the field of a telescope, and too faint to be viewed in its full beauty by the unassisted eye. An opera-glass is, therefore, exactly suited to its requirement. The planet Mars, as is well known, glows with a ruddy light, which occasionally makes it a conspicuous object impossible to mistake. But its distance from us varies in so extreme a degree that it undergoes very marked variations in brilliancy. It has not been in the best possible position for observation since 1877. It will be similarly situated in August, 1909, and again in August, 1924. Mercury is a shy planet, which persistently hides itself in the rays of the sun. At intervals of a few months it may be detected shining in the place where the sun has set or where it is about to rise, but not without careful scrutiny. The celebrated astronomer, Copernicus, the discoverer of the true system of the Universe, regretted on his death-bed that his eyes had never permitted him to see Mercury. Saturn shines as a star of the first magnitude; but to observe it effectually a telescope is indispensable. Viewed with such assistance, it is perhaps the most beautiful and interesting object in the entire field of astronomy. The outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, are telescopic points, invisible by the unaided eye. Since they are constantly changing, it is not possible to lay down any rule by which the whereabouts of planets may be ascertained, except that they will never be found in any position which the sun could not have occupied at some period during the year. Thus, in our latitudes, they cannot possibly be in the zenith or in the north. Any one, however, who wishes to assure himself whether a particular star is a planet or not can easily do so by referring to *Whitaker's Almanack*, where the locations of the planets are set down month by month under the heading "Morning and Evening Stars."

Astronomers have not infrequently incurred the censure, we might almost say the scorn, of a certain section of the public in that they have failed to predict the appearance of a comet. We have

become so accustomed to have all our celestial events mapped out for us years in advance by the careful mathematicians at Greenwich, that we regard the unheralded advent of any unusual phenomenon as a distinct breach of our rights as civilised beings. The truth is, it is not scientifically possible to predict comets. These are eccentric bodies, obeying no fixed rules, which flare into our system without warning, from regions far beyond the reach of our most powerful instruments, and flare out again, never to return. Two or three months before the appearance of a comet, we are generally notified of the fact by some scientist who has happened to turn his glass in the right direction and observed its approach; the two or three months representing the difference between the space-penetrating power of a good instrument and that of the human eye, and that is absolutely the limit of the advantage which, in this respect, the most elaborately equipped astronomer possesses over the rest of the world. There are, it is true, some few comets which have been noticed in successive revolutions, and whose return can therefore be foretold with more or less accuracy. But these, for the most part, are dark, tailless, telescopic objects, entirely without interest for any one save the professional observer. Only one, if we may use the expression, is spectacular. This is called Halley's Comet, after the eminent astronomer who discovered its periodicity, and the time of its revolution is about 76 years. It last visited us in the year 1835; it will, therefore, return about 1910. The appended illustration (Figure 4), shows it as it appeared in 1835. It is not essential that it shall assume precisely the same form at its next visit, but that it will be similar is probable. Before that time we may have a dozen others, or we may have none; we cannot tell. Returning to the non-periodic comets, we give a few of the more remarkable of these brilliant strangers which have flashed through our system in the course of the century. The Great Comet of 1811 (Figure 5), was perhaps the most magnificent phenomenon of its kind of which there is any historical record, and its appearance made an extraor-

dinary sensation. The diameter of its head measured over a hundred thousand miles; while its tail attained the prodigious length of 108 millions of miles, a distance exceeding that which separates the earth from the sun. From the shape of the curve which this comet described round the sun, it has been calculated that, should it ever return, its next visit could not take place for more than thirty centuries. Since even the most optimistic amongst us can hardly expect to attain such an age as that, we must be content never to see it, and trust that luck will send some even more brilliant brother to grace our generation by its arrival. The Comet of 1858 (Figure 6), in its general appearance, possibly favoured more than the generality of its fellows the popular conception of a comet. A bright star will be seen in the drawing close to its head. This is Arcturus, one of the three which contend in our northern heavens for the second place in brilliancy to Sirius. The comet passed over it almost in its densest part, but in spite of this curtain the star shone on with undiminished lustre; a circumstance which very well demonstrates the exceeding tenuity of these bodies. It may give us confidence in reflecting upon the by no means impossible contingency of a collision between a comet and the earth; for we are clearly entitled to expect that such an occurrence would not be attended with exceptionally disastrous results. Indeed, upon one occasion, a comet was observed actually to traverse the system of Jupiter, without leaving any perceptible effects either



FIG. 4.—HALLEY'S COMET AS IT APPEARED  
IN 1835

upon the planet or upon its much smaller satellites. The delicate comet, on the other hand, was grievously mauled by its contact with the bulky world. On another and more recent occasion the earth itself passed through the tail of one of these bodies, the only inconvenience resulting from it being the appearance of a peculiar phosphorescent mist. The Comet of September, 1882, which was made the medium of valuable researches into the composition



FIG. 5.—THE GREAT COMET OF 1811



FIG. 6.—THE COMET OF 1858

of these brilliant visitors, will no doubt be remembered by many of our readers.

From comets it is a natural step to shooting stars. Indeed, according to the theory most generally accepted, the meteoric shoals are nothing more nor less than the refuse and remnants of comets. These tiny particles, whose average size does not exceed that of a pebble, coming into our atmosphere at the terrific velocity of 35 miles per second, are forced by the friction into a white heat and driven off into vapour. It is thus only at the moment and by the fact of their annihilation that they are visible. Had we no air to shield us in this manner from the ferocity of the shooting stars, this earth would be utterly out of the question as a place of abode, for we should have to endure a cannonade, compared with which, the greatest effects of modern artillery would be of the feeblest description. As it is, we may view the shooting stars with complete composure, since we know that we only see them because they are undergoing the process of dissolution at the hands of our protecting atmosphere.

People are sometimes heard to deplore the fact that no one at present alive will see another transit of Venus. There is really very little to deplore, for this is a phenomenon which, though valuable to the man of science, is of the most utter insignificance from the standpoint of the ordinary observer, and, indeed, only visible upon the closest scrutiny. Less useful to the astronomer, but vastly more entertaining for the rest of the world, is the great shower of shooting stars which, after an absence of thirty-three years, will again visit us in November, 1899. These are called the Leonids, from the fact that their radiant point (the point from which they all appear to emanate) is situated in the constellation Leo. One cannot help thinking at times that the Ancients must have been gifted with exceedingly pliable imaginations if they were able to see even a distant resemblance in the constellations to the objects whose names they gave them. For my part, after systematic endeavour, I can only bring myself into any sort of agreement with our forefathers in the solitary instance of Cygnus, or the Swan. By giving free play to the imagination, I can make it appear remotely to resemble a wild duck flying. Thus, the reader must not expect to find anything like a lion in Leo; but that portion of it with which we are concerned presents a very fair representation of a sickle, the end of the haft of which is formed by Regulus, a bright star which just scrapes into the jealous circle of first magnitudes. Within the curved blade of the sickle is the radiant point of the Leonids. Every star in this shower, whatever its course across the heavens, appears to issue from that spot. It is almost unnecessary to say that the emanation is only optical, for, having considered the enormous distances of the fixed stars as compared with the planets, and also the fact that the shooting stars at the moment of visibility are not only nearer than the planets, or even than the moon, but actually in our atmosphere, it is obvious that it cannot be real. Every November the earth crosses the track of this shoal of shooting stars, and picks up belated stragglers, giving rise to the occurrence of the November meteors;



but only once in about thirty-three years does it plunge into the main host. This happened in 1833 and in 1866; it will again take place, as we have already stated, in the November of next year. The first historical record of the occurrence of this phenomenon refers to the year 902, when it happened to coincide with the death of a Moorish king, whose subjects, attributing it to divine recognition of the merits of the departed monarch, called it the "Year of the Stars." Of the shower of 1799 it is related that it presented the appearance of innumerable fireworks let off at enormous heights, large meteors, having sometimes an apparent diameter one and a-half times that of the moon, blending their trains with the smaller stars. In 1833 the phenomenon was best observed in America. On this occasion it was computed that, in the seven hours during which the display lasted, more than 240,000 shooting stars were visible in Boston alone. The distinguished English astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, witnessed the spectacle of 1866 from Lord Rosse's observatory in Ireland. He describes it in the following words:—"The night was fine; the moon was absent. The meteors were distinguished not only by their enormous multitude, but by their intrinsic

magnificence. I shall never forget that night. On the memorable evening I was engaged in my usual duty at that time of observing nebulae with Lord Rosse's great reflecting telescope. I was, of course, aware that a shower of meteors had been predicted, but nothing that I had heard prepared me for the splendid spectacle so soon to be unfolded. It was about ten o'clock at night when an exclamation from an attendant by my side made me look up from the telescope, just in time to see a fine meteor dash across the sky. . . . There, for the next two or three hours, we witnessed a spectacle which can never fade from my memory. The shooting stars gradually increased in number until sometimes several were seen at once. Sometimes they swept over our heads, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, but they all diverged from the east. As the night wore on, the constellation Leo ascended above the horizon, and then the remarkable character of the shower was disclosed. All the tracks of the meteors radiated from Leo. Sometimes a meteor appeared to come almost directly towards us, and then its path was so fore-shortened that it had hardly any appreciable length, and looked like an ordinary fixed star swelling into



SHOWER OF SHOOTING STARS SEEN AT NIAGARA IN NOVEMBER, 1833

brilliancy, and then as rapidly vanishing.

"Occasionally luminous trains would linger on for many minutes after the meteor had flashed across, but the great majority of the trains in this shower were evanescent. It would be impossible to say how many thousands of meteors were seen, each one of which was bright enough to have elicited a

note of admiration on any ordinary night."

Such is the shower which we shall pass through again between the 12th and 14th November, 1899. If it is night in this hemisphere during the period of passage, and if that night is fine and clear and moonless (a good many "if's," I'm afraid), we shall witness a display of unrivalled magnificence.





THE WEDDING MORN



THE WEDDING MORN



BOULOGNE FISHER-GIRLS IN WORKING-DRESS

Photo by A. LORMIER, Boulogne sur-Mer

## *The Cruel Deep*

WRITTEN BY COSMO CLARKE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



It is both interesting and amusing to stand on the Jetée at Boulogne and watch the fishing smacks, as they make their last preparations before starting upon what may prove to be a journey fraught with peril.

The *matelottes* in their becoming white caps, which form a halo round the plainest face, are intent upon giving instructions to father or husband. Many aching hearts there are under the neatly-folded kerchief upon their bosom, although no complaint is heard ;

for it is not the way of that brave and hardy race to repine, although there are few amongst them who have not lost some dear ones in that treacherous sea, which looks so fair and smiling under the blue sky.

On a bright September morning of the year 1897, the fishing smack "L'étoile de la Mer" was making ready to take her flight.

All sails were set to catch the breeze. Sweethearts and wives stood in the sunshine to see the last of the men who formed her crew. One of the groups



standing there consisted of an old *matelotte*, commonly called "La Mère Verdier," and her son's wife, Marguerite. They seemed even sadder than many who had come to wish "God speed" to husband or son.

Mère Verdier's son Jacques had been a *matelot* all his life. He was a stalwart, handsome man of near forty years of age, and he was taking his little son Jean, a bright, intelligent lad of twelve years, on his first voyage.

This was what made Mère Verdier's voice so tremulous, as she muttered prayers to the Blessed Virgin to bring her children safe home again. The younger woman tried in vain to keep back the tears that prevented her seeing aught but a blurred mist, where her husband and first-born stood waving their caps in farewell.

She heard her husband's voice, as he called to her "*à bientôt*," then the freshening breeze caught the sails and "*L'étoile*," was soon but a tiny white speck on the horizon. Then Grandmère broke the silence that had fallen upon them.

"*Allons ! Courage !* Marguerite, why dost thou weep? Men must work. Bread is dear, and there are many little mouths to feed. Let us hasten, they will be back from school, and no soup ready."

"My little Jean," sobbed the mother. "He is too young to go to sea, only twelve come Pentecôte"; and her tears continued to flow unheeded.

"Think of the four little ones at home," Grandmère replied, "and how proud the boy was when he put on his high boots and tarpaulin jacket. He will be another like his father and grandfather."

They wended their way in silence towards the Port, and then up the almost perpendicular stone steps that lead up to the Fisher-town, where their cottage was situated.

"Did I not tell thee the children are home," Grandmère exclaimed, as she caught sight of the three boys standing at the door; one holding a tiny girl of two years old by the hand.

"Is father gone?" they asked. "And Jean, did he cry?"

"Not he, he was as blithe as a bird,"

replied their grandmother, as she took comfort in a pinch of snuff.

It was a sign of great agitation on her part, that she had forgotten to do so since "*L'étoile*" had sailed away. Marguerite took her little girl in her arms and seated herself in one of the rush-bottomed chairs which formed part of the furniture of their simple cottage, which, although poor, was scrupulously clean.

The long dresser which took up one side of the room was bright with quaint old china, which might have filled many an amateur with envy.

Grandmère busied herself preparing the modest meal. She lived with her son and his wife, upon whom he was dependent.

She it was who kept the house and took care of the children, while their mother worked in one of the fish-salting factories which are one of the principal industries of Boulogne.

\* \* \*

A week had passed.

It was Dimanche; the day on which, neatly dressed in their best, the *matelots* and *matelottes* may be seen walking arm-in-arm to Mass, or making a pilgrimage to the small Chapelle on the cliffs, which is full of relics of those who have lost their lives at sea.

On the walls hang tablets, with names and dates of those who have never returned to tell their tale of suffering and peril.

This Sunday there was to be no pleasant promenade, for the wind had risen during the night, and was now blowing a gale, howling like a thousand demons amongst the tall chimneys, and tearing roofs from the humble cottages, as it struck terror to the hearts of many whose nearest and dearest were at sea.

Grandmère Verdier was up betimes. She went to see if Marguerite was awake, and found her on her knees before the wooden crucifix which adorned the whitewashed wall of her room.

"Hush! the children still sleep," she said, "but I could not rest with this hurricane blowing."

"Holy Virgin!" she cried, crossing herself devoutly as the casement rattled, "guard my husband and son from peril!"

Hark! what is that sound that rings out, even above the din of the elements? The Alarm Bell! A ship in distress! *Mon Dieu!* I must go down to the shore," she said, as she rose from her knees, and, seizing a shawl, threw it round her head and shoulders. "Do thou stay with the children."

"No! I will go with thee. The children sleep. There is no danger, and I can be back in half-an-hour."

"Let us hasten!" Marguerite cried,

scarcely to be seen for the mass of foam dashing over her.

The wind drove her towards the shore. There was already an anxious crowd watching her, as she was buffeted by the wind and waves. Marguerite stood with the others; she felt less troubled, seeing them so near the shore.

The lifeboat was put off. As she left the shelter of the harbour, the waves caught her and tossed her aloft as if she were a nut-shell. How gallantly



SELLING SHELLS

*Photo by A. LORMIER, Boulogne-sur-Mer*

as the bell still clanged out its sinister note, calling the men for the lifeboat.

The brave pilot, "Avisse," was at his post, trying to get together the number of men requisite to launch her.

When the two women arrived almost breathless on the shore, they could with difficulty keep their feet, the force of the wind was so great. They could just make out the frail barque making for the entrance to the harbour. She was

they row! They are nearing the helpless boat, which is drifting towards the land. Just when they are within hail, she strikes on the rocky soil. She was almost on her side; not a shred of sail was left, nothing but a few frail planks between those poor souls and the angry sea.

Presently the cry went up, as the name of the boat could be seen, "'L'étoile'; it is 'L'étoile'!"

Grandmère and Marguerite heard it.

The younger woman fell on her knees, and stretched her arms towards the boat, in which her husband and son were struggling for dear life.

"Dear Lord! have pity! save them!" she prayed, and would have dashed into the seething foam, in a vain attempt to reach them, had not kind, pitying hands held her back. "Look!" they cried, "the lifeboat is near them! they are throwing them lines! they will all be saved! they are passing the rope round the boat, making it fast!"

Marguerite could see nothing through her blinding tears, she heard the words that were shouted in her ears, above the roaring of wind and wave. Her boy, her little Jean, her first-born, was in danger, and she could do nothing but look on.

The minutes seemed hours to her in her anguish.

Presently a despairing cry arose from the lookers-on as from one man. "The rope has broken. They are drifting away from them! Can nothing be done?"

A hundred yards from shore!

It is not possible they can be saved. No rocket can reach them: the wind blows everything to their left. The lifeboat is drifting further and further from them.

To those anguished watchers hours seem to have passed, although, in truth, but one brief half-hour has gone by since "L'étoile" struck.

The men's despairing shouts could be heard; then one by one they disappeared, unable to keep their hold, frozen by the cold and numbed by the force of the waves. The tide was on the turn, and the spot where they stranded can be reached on foot when the water is low.



SHRIMP FISHING

Photo by A. LORMIER, Boulogne-sur-Mer

Grandmere was seated by her still kneeling daughter, who seemed hardly conscious of her surroundings; her arms were still stretched out, as if to implore pity for those who never more will be enfolded in her embrace.

They are all gone! Swept away by those pitiless waves, which, now that their fury is spent, seem to linger almost caressingly around the wreck.

Sturdy men waded out, but not one of those brave hearts was left to tell the tale of suffering.

They had reached a haven at last where no more storms would beat upon them.

Petit Jean was found so tightly strapped to the mast that the angry

waves had tried in vain to tear him away. They bore the lifeless little body back to his mother, who followed them to the Humane Society, where every effort was made to restore him, even when hope was gone.

Then a mournful procession was formed to bear him with reverent hands up to the little cottage. Grandmere, with trembling limbs, helped the mother to lay him out on his little white bed.

They placed the crucifix on his breast, and Marguerite thought of her prayers but a few short hours before.

Presently the good old Curé came in to say a prayer for the bereaved ones, and for those who shall be no more seen until the "sea gives up her dead."



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*"Come to Me"*

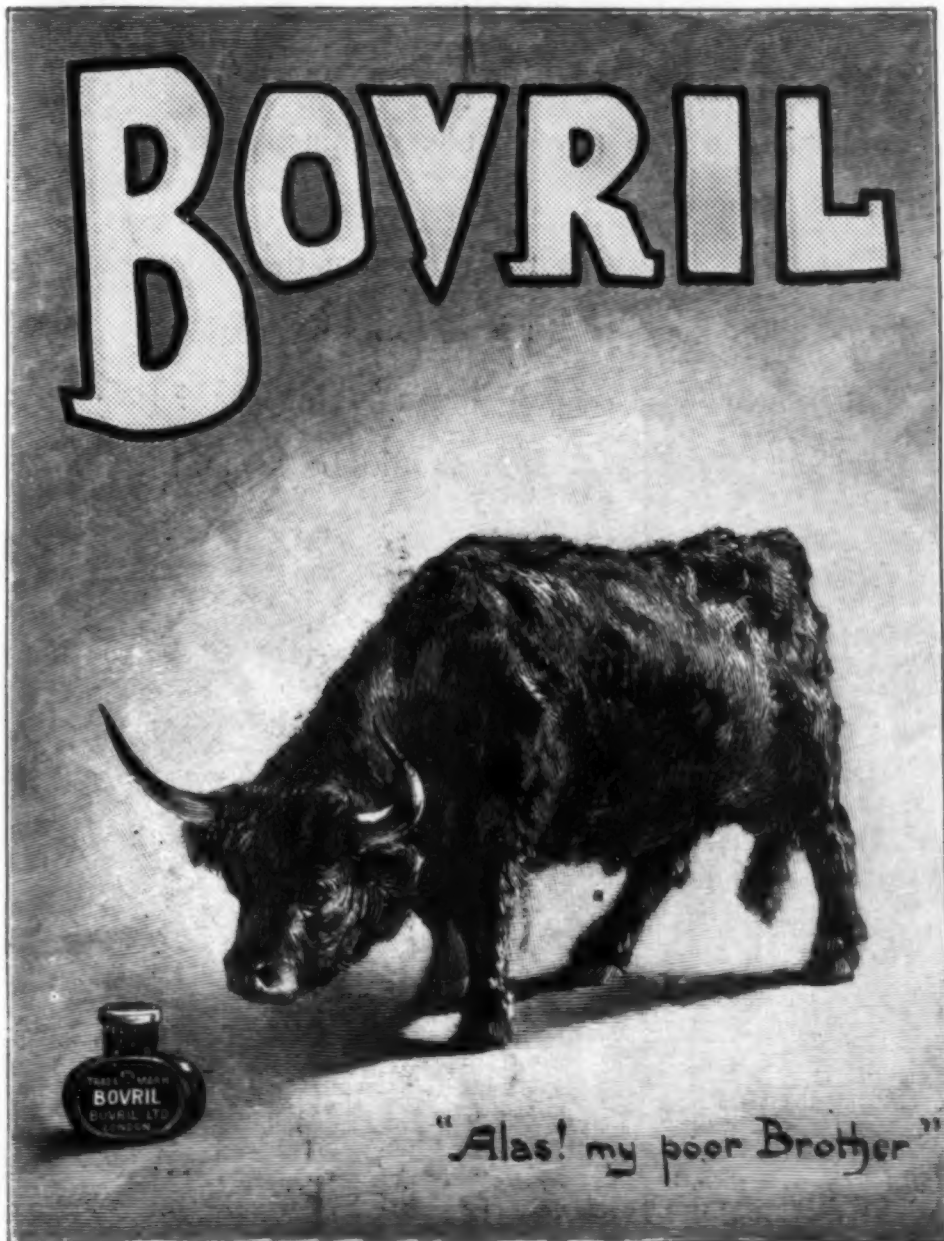
BY THE BARONESS DE BERTOUCH



COME to me now, as thou camest of yore  
In the dim old days that shall be no more,  
With thy laughing eyes, and thy smooth white brow  
Which no frown had sullied—Come to me now!

Come to me now, as thou camest of old  
When thy lips were warm, tho' thy love was cold.  
Thou wert almost a child, and I a man  
In the sear of life, ere thy bloom began.

I have laid my head on thy dear dead breast,  
I have strewn white flow'rs on thy place of rest,  
I have kiss'd the stone at thy tiny feet,  
What more can I do, that thy sleep be sweet?



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What more can I do, but forget, forgive ;  
For thou, child, art dead, and I——doom'd to live.  
But come to me once, as thou cam'st of yore,  
And come to me now—I ask nothing more.

Canst thou drift with the flights of drifting snow?  
Canst thou float on the crimson sunset glow?  
Canst thou fall to earth like a falling star?  
O God! that Thy heaven should be so far!



NOTE.—The Photos illustrating "Mr. Harry Nicholls At Home," in the November Number of THE LUDGATE, were taken by Mr. ALFRED ELLIS, 20, *Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

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